An Independent Weekly For Canadians of Japanese Origin

THE NEW CANADIAN

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In the Prairie Provinces

Little Opposition to Presence of Evacuees as Permanent Residents

By PAUL MOLLOY, B.U.P. Staff Correspondent

WINNIPEG, Man., Dec. 22 — With objections to the possible return home of thousands of Japanese, dispersed east of the Rockies since Pearl Harbor, reaching critical proportions on the west coast, Canada's three prairie premiers today revealed their governments' attitudes toward the eventual dispersal of the Dominion's "displaced persons."

(The recent revamping of Bill 15 practically eliminates the federal government's control over orientals in Canada, insofar as their permanent residence is concerned. Certain clauses have been withdrawn from the Bill, thereby literally lifting the "Rocky Mountain barrier" which, for security reasons, has kept Canada's Japanese away from the west coast.

(The government's above-face was met by a wave of protest which swept through British Columbia's coastal areas and was climaxed this week by demands that other provinces share in absorbing the Japanese, 16,000 of whom are now in the B.C. Interior while another 8,000 are scattered throughout the prairies and eastern Canada.)

Featured by indications that neither Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta will voice strong objection to the presence of Japanese within their boundaries, a British United Press survey of the prairies reveals that some variance exists in provincial attitudes:

1. Saskatchewan is prepared to accept what it calls "a fair share" of Japanese because, Premier T. C. Douglas told the B.U.P., "their yellow skins should not doom them to duress."

2. Manitoba will adopt a "laissez faire" attitude, with the claim that disposal of Canada's Nipponese is "wholly a federal responsibility."

3. Alberta, although prepared to further discuss Ottawa's promise to remove the Japanese from the confines after the war, expects the federal government to "live up to the agreement."

Premier Douglas of Saskatchewan was in favor of each province taking its quota because "this would take a load off British Columbia." He stated that from a Christian viewpoint, "we have no moral right to revoke their Canadian-born persons' privileges since we brought them here in the first place."

PREMIER GARSON REVEALS MANITOBA POLICY

Premier Stuart Garson of Manitoba said today that the moving of Japanese to Manitoba was wholly a federal responsibility and "it is wholly a federal responsibility now to re-dispose of them."

Garson made it plain that his government agrees that individuals of proven disloyalty should be deported and that all persons of Japanese origin who voluntarily requested to be sent to Japan "should be aided and encouraged to move there as quickly as possible."

"But with regard to the general body of Canadian citizens of Japanese origin whose loyalty is unquestioned," Garson added, "in our opinion their Canadian citizenship should be the same as that of all other Canadian citizens which carries with it unrestricted freedom of movement within Canada."

Garson, for the first time, revealed why his government did not sign the agreement covering the Japanese movement from British Columbia to Manitoba. For one thing, he said, neither the Dominion government nor the British Columbia Security Commission had any need to secure Manitoba's permission "for the entry into Manitoba of persons born in Canada or legally admitted for settlement in Canada.

Secondly, Garson went on, the agreement was of no use because "there would be very little that the Manitoba government could do to enforce the agreement."

ALBERTA TO HOLD GOVT. TO ORIGINAL AGREEMENT

Leaving the disposal entirely in the hands of federal authorities is not, however, Alberta's intention.

Premier E. C. Manning said today that "we expect the Security Commission's agreement to be lived up to.

He added that where Alberta's post-war policy is concerned, the Social Credit cabinet will re-consider the matter of opening its doors to more Japanese.

It is expected that a verdict will be reached along these lines shortly before the opening of the next session of the Alberta legislature, scheduled for mid-February.

REPATS MAKE REQUESTS TO PRIME MINISTER

SLOCAN CITY, B.C. — Persons of Japanese origin in Slocan City, Bay Farm and Popoff repatriate centres who requested repatriation and "still have an intention to go to Japan" have petitioned Prime Minister Mackenzie King, asking that their repatriation be carried out according to assurances made them by Labor Department announcement of February, 1945. The announcement stated they would be given free passage, and net proceeds realized from their real and personal property may be transferred by them to Japan.

In addition, following specific requests were made in the petition:

1. Permission to take with them personal properties, such as stocks and bonds, bank deposits, and other assets.

2. Purchase by the government of their unsold properties at current prices so that proceeds may be made immediately available.

3. Subsidy for persons possessing no assets, in the amount necessary for re-establishing livelihoods in Japan.

4. Permission for Canadian-born Japanese under 16 to accompany their parents to Japan without losing their Canadian citizenship.

5. Permission to take with them necessary household articles and tools indispensible to their occupation.

6. Facilities to have scattered members of family reunited before sailing.

7. One month's notice before embarkation.

8. Special consideration for infants and aged persons during transit.

Copies of the petition were sent to Labor Minister Humphrey Mitchell; Justice Minister St. Laurent, and Secretary of State Paul Martin.

Petitions were signed by: K. Rikimaru, K. Saito and G. Masuda, representing the Japanese repatriates.

Co-op Committee Urges Review of Cases

From the Toronto Star

TORONTO, Ont. — A request that all persons who have requested cancellation of repatriation forms that would take them to Japan should have their cases considered by an established civil court regardless of the date on which they filled out the forms, is made by the Co-operative Committee on Japanese Canadians in a letter sent to Prime Minister Mackenzie King. A copy of the letter was released December 13 by Mrs. D. MacMillan, committee secretary.

"We feel that the signing of the repatriation forms is no basis for judging the loyalty, or disloyalty of persons of Japanese origin," the letter states. "Moreover, the repatriation survey did not indicate how many persons wished to go to Japan but rather how many persons found it impossible or extremely difficult to move east of the Rockies under the uncertain and restrictive conditions that faced them."

Repatriation Plans Announced; Order-in-Council Gives Labor Minister Authority to Proceed

OTTAWA—Prime Minister Mackenzie King announced Dec. 17 in the commons that Hon. Humphrey Mitchell, minister of labor, has been given authority by order-in-council to direct the deportation of certain Japanese, according to a Canadian Press report.

The order-in-council, one of three tabled by the prime minister, gives the minister authority, without directly ordering him, to have removed from Canada Japanese nationals who have applied for repatriation; Japanese persons who have become naturalized Canadians and who applied for repatriation and had not revoked their applications up to Sept. 1, midnight, and of Canadian-born Japanese who expressed a desire to go to Japan and who do not renounce their request before a deportation order is issued.

Mr. King also tabled two other orders. One provided for the removal of British and Canadian status from any naturalized persons who left Canada to take up residence in Japan.

TO APPOINT COMMISSION TO INVESTIGATE LOYALTY

The other provided for the appointment of a three-man commission, members of which were not immediately named, to investigate the loyalty of Japanese who wished to remain in Canada to determine "those who are not fit persons to remain here." The commission will be authorized to recommend deportation.

"In all cases where removal from Canada is to be affected, it is provided that the persons involved shall be able to take out their personal property and all cash and other movable assets and that they shall be able to sell or otherwise dispose of their real property, or of anything else they do not wish to take with them," Mr. King said.

"In addition they are to be assured a minimum liquid assets to assist in their resettlement to the extent of $200 for each adult ordered deported and $50 for each dependent. In cases where the person going to Japan has a certain amount of cash but less than $200, plus $50 for each dependent, he will be advanced the difference in order to bring his cash assets up to the minimum I have mentioned. In those cases where the persons to whom cash is advanced have assets with the custodian, the minister will recover his advances out of such assets."

Speaking of the general problem of the Japanese in Canada, Mr. King said:

"The problem of dealing with the question of the Japanese is difficult in the extreme. In its solution the government is endeavoring to avoid unnecessary hardship. The orders that have been passed involve no change in principle from the general provisions that already exist under our statute law.

"The Immigration Act contains provisions for the deportation of enemy aliens or persons who have been alien enemies in certain cases. In general, the deportation of certain 'prohibited classes' is a recognized principle.

"The Naturalization Act similarly recognizes the principles of revocation of the status of a naturalized person who has sworn himself by act or speech to be disaffected or disloyal. The circumstances of war and the peculiar character of the present problem require more expeditious and broader action than the present statutes allow. But the orders that have been passed to permit effective action raise no new principles, nor do they depart from any established principles."

While no official announcement has been made it is understood the first group of about 800 Japanese nationals who had not revoked their request for repatriation on Sept. 1, will leave Vancouver about the middle of January.

Preparations for the deportation of others who are automatically affected under the orders already are underway with the prospective deportees undergoing medical examinations.

STEWART CHARGES COERCION USED IN SURVEY

Alistair Stewart (C.C.F. Winnipeg North) criticised the proposed deportation of naturalized Canadians of Japanese origin who had signified their desire to return to Japan.

He charged coercion was used in getting Japanese to sign papers saying they wished to be returned to Japan.

Mr. King said some naturalized Canadians of Japanese origin had asked to be returned to Japan. They had made that request while the war was still on. Anyone who made such a request must have been sure Japan was going to win the war and that he wanted to be on the winner's side. Anyone who adopted such an attitude deserved to lose his citizenship.

Mr. Mitchell denied there had been any coercion. This had been affirmed by the Canadian Red Cross.

Mr. Stewart said the government had to admit the Japanese in Canada were guilty of no disloyal act.

Mr. King said that if a naturalized Canadian of German origin had asked to go to the German side while the war was on he would have been deported as Japanese were to be.

Mr. Stewart said there were in government benches members guilty of stirring up racial [illegible]. A noisy scene followed with several [illegible] on the government side [illegible] Mr. Stewart.

VANCOUVER, B.C. — The Vancouver Sun reported on Dec. 12 that fishermen in Ucluelet district held a meeting at which protest was registered against any move of the Dominion government to permit Japanese to return to the Pacific coast.

It was decided to send a telegram to Premier Hart asking his co-operation and urging enforcement by the provincial government of all regulations prohibiting purchase of land by the Japanese in B.C.

Similar meetings are being held at Tofino, [illegible] and other [illegible] [illegible] Vancouver Island [illegible].

Hearings to be Arranged for U.S. "Repatriates" Wishing to Remain

TULE LAKE, Calif. — All persons of Japanese origin now held for deportation to Japan, aliens and U.S.-born Niseis who renounced citizenship, will be given opportunity for hearings, according to a U.S. Department of Justice announcement received here December 14. Details of the announcement are as follows:

All aliens who have previously been interned in Department of Justice Internment Camps and [illegible] presently in this centre subject to special "segregation" or [illegible] will be given opportunity for a hearing.

All former U.S. citizens now residing in the Tule Lake Centre who renounced their citizenship but who nevertheless desire permission to remain in the United States will be given an opportunity to ask for a hearing before an officer or a board of officers and to show cause why they should not be ordered removed to Japan by the Attorney General as alien enemies who have adhered to the militarist government of Japan or its principles. All who do not ask for such hearings will be ordered [illegible]

VANCOUVER, B.C.—[illegible] persons moved out of B.C. into eastern [illegible] in November, [illegible]

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Kasey Oyama .... Editor
Takaichi Umezuki .... Japanese Section Editor

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The Present Situation

As the end of the year approaches, the fate of several thousand persons who had requested repatriation and later asked for cancellation remains uncertain.

One of the last acts of the government before parliament prorogued was to table an order-in-council authorizing the minister of labor to deport Japanese nationals who requested repatriation, and naturalized citizens who requested repatriation but did not revoke their requests before September 2.

Briefly the prime minister's reason for deporting these people is that they thought Japan was winning, and in that case they are disloyal. That charge has been denied by the evacuees who claim they requested repatriation unwillingly, in order to escape the immediate uncertainty that would have been their lot had they refused to sign.

So far, the government has shown no intention of investigating the charge that the evacuees requested repatriation unwillingly, and under conditions of pressure. The government's reply to the charge is that there had been no coercion. It is probably true that coercion as such was not intended, but at the same time there is no question that the evacuees were most reluctant to sign for repatriation, and they made their feelings known in protests to the government before they were actually required to state their choice before the R.C.M.P.

Unfortunately, the government has made no arrangement to review individual cases, as far as naturalized persons and aliens who requested repatriation are concerned, to determine in each case if the person involved is really disloyal and should be deported, or whether he had requested repatriation for some other reason.

It seems to us that the government in a democratic country should exercise great care to avoid committing any act which may later be established as a gross mistreatment of a racial minority, and arranging for individual reviews would have been most useful in the present situation.

* * * *

The government having announced its deportation policy, the next move is up to the evacuees to prevent, through democratic methods, the deportation of innocent Canadian citizens and law-abiding Japanese nationals who signed repatriation documents for reasons not connected with disloyalty.

Several steps need to be taken immediately. First those who signed repatriation documents but wish to remain in Canada must have sent in their written cancellation to the R.C.M.P.; this must be made certain. Next the evacuees in each province must organize a central committee to raise funds, and to hold itself ready to take any emergency action on behalf of any individual threatened with deportation. The organization in Tashme, the Defence Committee in Manitoba, the Co-operative Committee in Toronto, may serve in this capacity.

It should be noted that although the government is not providing for individual hearings, such opportunities, if desired, may be secured through appeal to the courts.

The Winnipeg Free Press has pointed out in a recent editorial that those under sentence of deportation can appeal to the Superior Court of the particular province in which they are held prisoner.

We feel confident that neither our laws nor the Canadian public will sanction deportation unless such an action is clearly justified, and it is of utmost importance that we seek a fair consideration for the doubtful cases.

* * * *

There is one bright spot in the week's news that deserves some comment. According to a recent British United Press survey, none of the prairie governments are expected to put up any strong opposition were an attempt made now to disperse the Japanese still concentrated in British Columbia on more permanent bases across Canada. British Columbia too is reported willing to receive its quota. The only remaining provinces whose intentions remain undetermined is Ontario and Quebec, but it is probably safe to assume that they too would do their part towards the solution of the Japanese problem in Canada.

A way is therefore open at the dominion-provincial meetings, to be resumed early next year, to arrive at some satisfactory plan which will remove forever the uncertainty regarding the evacuees' future that has hitherto hindered the satisfactory progress of the relocation program.

A significant statement has been made by Premier Garson of Manitoba in his reply to the B.U.P. survey. "With regard to the general body of Canadian citizens of Japanese origin whose loyalty is unquestioned, in our opinion their Canadian citizenship should be the same as that enjoyed by other Canadian citizens which carries with it [illegible] freedom of movement within Canada."

The [illegible] of [illegible] restrictions on persons of Japanese ancestry [illegible]. But there are enough indications to hope that the day is not too far off when all restrictions, regarding purchase of land, operation of business, freedom of movement, and so on, will be removed. The Japanese Canadians may face the coming year with hope, their faith in democracy unshaken, jealously guarding their rights and faithfully discharging their duties as Canadian citizens.

For yesterday is already a dream, and tomorrow is a vision;
But today, well lived, makes every yesterday
A dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such is the salutation of the dawn!

—[illegible]

A Letter from the Editor

WELL, here is our Christmas issue, 1945. We sincerely hope you will enjoy it. We had to read and re-read the articles and stories, because lack of space did not allow us to include all of the contributions, and it was felt advisable to make them as widely representative as possible.

Confidentially, we were surprised at the generally high quality of the literary contributions. In some cases we received more than one contribution from the same person, and it was necessary to hold over a part of their contributions till a later date.

Our veteran contributor Mark Toyama has come through with a heart-warming Christmas story "The Red Sleigh," which we guarantee you'll enjoy. Mark thought the story might be a little too long for our purpose, and suggested we discard it if unusable. After reading the story, however, we decided to add more pages instead.

There is an excellent handling of the all-important Nisei marriage problem in the short story, "My Life Is My Own, Mother . . ." by T.M.K. We were impressed by the realistic dialogue and good characterization. The style is T.M.K. at her best.

"It's All in the Game" is a rough-and-tumble story of a gentleman of the road by another of our regulars, Jack Nakamoto, written from his hospital bed in Ste. Agathe des Mont, Quebec. The story has a genuine ring and reads like a slice of the author's life.

"Jakey" was a surprise package. It was written by a Nisei serviceman in between studying his Japanese. The author, who wishes to remain anonymous, is known to us, but we never suspected his literary inclination. To us the story gave an impression of an inarticulate Nisei finding his voice to describe his feelings. Those feelings, we felt, had been experienced at some time by a large number of our readers.

"Empathy" has the most sophisticated plot of all the stories. It was written by another of our regulars who sends in contributions usually under another pen name. Incidentally, the word "empathy" is a psychological term meaning: "the power of projecting one's personality into (and so fully comprehending) the object of contemplation." We thought "contiguity" might have been a more appropriate term.

We felt all our contributors had a fine grasp of the principles of short story writing—that it should produce a singleness of impression which gives some insight into human experience. Nisei's emotional experiences are clearly reflected in the short stories in these pages.

We have not been as fortunate as in other years in contributions from our poets. Our regulars, Hana and Miya Ishiwata, have given us a poem each. We want to call your attention to a new discovery, a tricky Montreal versifier by name of Vic Ogura. We look forward to more of his poems to liven up the regular issues of The New Canadian.

We also know of a number of good Nisei poets who let us down this year.

* * *

NOW for the articles. Mr. G. E. Trueman has given us a well-written and an optimistic report on the evacuees in Ontario. We welcome as a new contributor Mr. Frank L. Brandt whom we persuaded again to give us his views on the [illegible] [illegible]

another of his sensitive and delicately written articles, while Malcolm Fukami expresses his views on various matters from the prairies. And we think you'll like Katie Oyama and company's reverie on Whiet Christmas. Our regular columnists, N.B.E. and C.K., have shown themselves in fine form.

We regret that we have not been successful in producing a children's page as was originally planned. (We have been told that the average mental age of newspaper readers was 12 years.) Our chief difficulty here was lack of contributions. We wrote to the school teachers back in the ghost towns, but apparently they were too busy to give the matter their attention. Anyway we are grateful for the splendid way in which they have supported us by including their greetings in this issue. If any of the students produce a literary masterpiece, or if any of the teachers have a yen for writing, we assure them that our columns are open to them.

The cartoon this year is the work of Mas Ikeno of Hamilton, and we think he did a splendid job. The photograph contribution we used is from Jerry Ito of Montreal.

Our readers may notice that contributions from some of the best writers among Nisei are missing. Some are in the army and were too busy to write. Some were just too busy, or failed to get their inspirations in time. I think it should be mentioned that E.C.B., our faithful standby, has contributed an article, but we used it in one of our previous issues because we felt it was too timely to delay until Christmas.

We wish to thank all of our contributors, and congratulate them for their efforts. We hope they will not overlook the fact that we have space for contributions in our regular issues.

We wish to thank, too, the splendid support given us by people all across Canada who sent in their greetings to appear in The New Canadian. We wish to thank the many business firms who expressed the season's message of good cheer in these pages.

* * *

Now we come to an embarrassing piece of business. We must make apologies for a few mistakes that have been made in the individual greetings section. Some mistakes will be corrected in the next issue. But to make sure, we urge our readers to write and tell us if there has been any misspellings in name or mistakes in addresses.

We had quite a hectic time completing this issue. We stayed up nights thinking up attractive page set-ups, reading proofs, etc. But we did manage to get the copies to the printers in scheduled time. When the smoke of the excitement cleared and we got the finished newspapers, we experienced a series of sinking sensations. We thought we had spotted all the mistakes in the proofs, but apparently a few got through. When we turned to page twenty-three, we gave vocal expression to our displeasure when we found that the Silk-O-Lana had been left unhyphenated. Shigeo and Tomizo Oikawa had been dubbed Onizuki. But we got the greatest shock of all to discover that we had turned the Riverview School teachers into a group of fish peddlers. We do not think any of The New Canadian staff will dare show their faces in Popoff, but from this safe distance, we sincerely offer our humble apologies.

Whatever the net result, a lot of effort has gone into this issue. We are therefore most anxious to get your comments. Tell us if you liked an article or a story, tell us if you didn't.

Those wishing to get extra copies of this issue may get them at 20 cents each.

And finally the staff of The New Canadian wish all of you a very merry Christmas and a happy new year. Next week being a holiday, we'll be seeing you again two weeks from now.

A Yuletide Greeting from

Mrs. C. V. Booth

Dept. of Labor—Japanese Division

THE festive season of Christmas and the New Year means many things to many people. To the very young, excitement and pleasure; to the mature, a more gentle kind of happiness; to the wise, peace and goodwill. This year the world has great cause of celebration. Peace is with us again. During the past few years, which have been sad and discouraging for so many, we have come to realize more fully the real meaning of the Christmas Wish—Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men.

May I wish you all a Happy Christmas, a Happy New Year, and a Happy Future.

Greetings From The New Canadian Staff

This is The New Canadian [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]; [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Jakey

● A Nisei Sketch

By a S-20 Serviceman

JAKEY SAT on the edge of his bed and stared at the cigarette. I wonder if I should go to that party, he thought. After all, it's just a drink-fest, and tomorrow I'd wake up with a big head and feel like kicking myself for doing what I'd probably do. I'm drinking too much nowadays anyway. Better quit before I start craving the stuff too much. He thought of his father and gave a shudder. He'd hate like . . .

But what else could a guy do to amuse himself. Here he'd come out east because he'd felt he had no future back in B.C. It was a laugh. No future . . . but it was funny how some of the other guys seemed to get places. Yeah, it's the breaks; and breaks didn't just come his way. Oh, the job was alright, paid well enough. He even had money in his pocket most of the time . . . even after spending a lot on Helen. . . .

He stabbed out his cigarette savagely on the tin ash tray and flung himself on his bed. That b . . . He was through with her this time. That was it; he was going to tell her tonight that he was through buying "presents" for her. He had been a sucker long enough, and he was going to tell it to her face at the party. I wonder how quickly she'd throw me over?

He got up and picked up the evening paper which he had bought coming home from work. Nothing but unhappiness. Robberies, fighting in Indonesia, no homes for veterans.

One headline attracted his attention. "Girl couldn't live without her man." He read on. A publicity racket. It was about a girl who had committed suicide. Overdose of sleeping tablets. Seemed to be quite the thing these days to exit this way. There was a text of the suicide note printed word for word.

The dame couldn't get over the man who had ditched her. It read like one of those cheap romance magazines.

For some reason Jakey felt a sudden stab of shame. He cursed at the bad taste of the newspaper. At least they could have had the decency to tone the thing down a little. Aren't the newspapermen human too? What if it had happened to someone close to them—their sister maybe? Bet they'd go easy on it then.

The suicide note held a strange fascination. He read it over slowly, trying to put himself into the girl's feeling. It wasn't hard. Everybody feels like commiting suicide one time or another, he thought.

Jakey thought of Helen, and the irony of the comparison struck him as being funny. Here was a girl who could truly love a man. Was there a woman like that in the world? A woman who was faithful, a woman a guy could love and trust? A woman to whom he could pour out his thoughts and who would understand him? A woman who could love him just because he was he.

Jakey laid aside the papers and stretched out on the bed, his eyes closed, his arms spread out. His mind flew back two years to British Columbia and Mary. Funny he hadn't thought about Mary for quite a long time now.

He winced as memories of the happy moments he had spent with her came back in a rushing stream. He had been happy with her back in the ghost town. They had danced together, gone to shows together. Jakey had taken her for granted because he used to see so much of her. She was his girl.

But after a while he had become restless and he had started thinking about the future . . . a future in which a guy could earn a decent living, buy the things he wants, and have security. Then maybe one day marry a girl of his choice.

Mary had cried when he told her he was going east. He had felt pretty bad about it, but a guy had to look out for his future. He couldn't sit around waiting in a ghost town, because the breaks never came there.

He had made Mary promise to write, and she did . . . faithfully for about six months. She wrote regularly twice a week, about every tiny bit of ghost town news. Jakey had kept a few of her letters. May as well burn them. . . .

He had written her, too, pouring out his hopes and fears, his terrible loneliness, and his moments of tenderness. That's how he got rid of his emotions, come to think of it. He was a damn fool for being so sentimental, and she probably got a kick out of all that mush.

Then her letters had gradually trickled to a stop. Jakey wanted to know why. Another boy friend? She was a popular type. . . . Jakey wrote several letters without receiving answers. Then he stopped thinking about her and had started going around with Helen.

God, I'm lonely, he thought. I may as well go to the party and get tight. Perhaps I might meet someone there. Besides he had to tell Helen off. He was through with her.

He dressed hurriedly as if he were afraid of changing his mind. He threw a glance at the mirror and smoothed back his hair. I'd like to see her face when I tell her off. She'd act hurt, and maybe she'd . . . As he left the tiny room which contained all his worldly possessions, Jakey was thinking: God, she's a nice looking kid.

CAPRICE

By N.B.E.

WINNIPEG, Man.

ONCE again Christmas is here and the prospects of of a white Christmas are very bright indeed. Everywhere, that Christmas spirit is in the air. Everything suggests the Yuletide season . . . The temperature is falling. Jack Frost has painted with exquisite artistry beautiful etchings on window panes. The children with skates, sleds and toboggans romp in the snow. Smoke from numerous chimneys drift lazily up in white columns into the clear cold air. Stacks of Christmas trees await eager customers at gasoline stations.

The decorations along the main streets . . . the trees with multi-colored lights . . . the sprigs of Christmas carols chiming from holly bedecked windows . . . Holt Renfrew's . . . Eaton's toyland window display . . . the hustle and bustle of friendly shoppers . . . the surging mobs around the counters, all add that Christmas touch.

Yes, Christmas is here . . . the first peace-time Christmas in six years. Many homes will feel the loneliness of missing faces. Others will be rejoicing in the safe return of loved ones. The candle-light service at church will take on a new significance as we fervently pray for an everlasting "peace on earth, goodwill towards men . . .

CHRISTMAS is the time to be thankful. You may not get that fur coat you longed for or that lovely necklace, but you get that wonderful feeling of having been remembered. You are grateful for the gifts you receive, the cards from friends who remembered you.

Christmas is the time when you experience different emotions. Light-hearted moods, dreamy spells, thoughtful reminiscent moments . . . Your thoughts go to the boys in the Army spending Christmas in far off India, Malaya, Hong Kong . . . You dreamily envision yourself in your new gown, dancing with the someone special at the ball. You think of friends in various cities and smaller towns. You think of the people on the isolated farms, surrounded by bleak winter loneliness. You think of the inconveniences they put up with . . . the drafty sugar beet houses, with its cramped living quarters and lamps. The quiet cheerful courage of these folks trying to make the best of things. You realize how far we have yet to go to achieve our rights . . . the right to own property . . . to set up business . . . to live where we want . . . the recognition of our rights as human beings . . . our place in Canadian society . . . All those things we long for and we want them for our parents, and our future generations.

Let us then face 1946 with fortitude and the determination to bring about these aims.

In Manitoba-Northwestern Ontario Dispersal Solves Relocation Problem

By Frank L. Ernst, Placement Officer

IN 1942, about one thousand volunteer farm workers, people of Japanese origin, evacuated from British Columbia due to War Emergency measures, arrived in Manitoba and found locations on sugar beet farms situated chiefly along the Red and Assiniboine Rivers.

During the same year about one hundred and fifty evacuees, practically all single men, left British Columbia for employment in the bush in Northwestern Ontario.

Of this group, located in a rather limited area, it was soon found that some of the families were so constituted that they were unsuited for sugar beet farming or for bush work, thus forcing a broadening of employment fields and geographical location.

The experiment which ensued was undertaken with much skepticism on the part of employers and the Japanese alike. Doubts of public opinion, fears of leaving other evacuee groups and general concern for the future assailed the newcomers, resulting in slow progress for the first year.

Work was plentiful, however, and labor was in great demand so it was not difficult to find employment if there was an inclination to move somewhat from original placement. By spreading out, better farm locations were found with improved housing. Distance to school was reduced and incomes increased due to more available work and more profitable crops. Gradually the evacuees lost their fears and a few became pioneers of new districts. To the surprise of many, they found that their lot depended upon themselves, their attitude towards their work, employers, fellow workers, and people they lived amongst. They found that the public judged them by what the evacuee and family were like, what they did and how they lived.

Due to this new found understanding being passed along to friends and relatives, additional families and individuals located in the Manitoba-Northwestern Ontario district. In 1945 approximately two hundred additional people settled in this area.

We believe that the Japanese people in this project have materially lessened their own problem by spreading out, and this contention seems to be born out by facts—such as all children of school age attending school free, many taking business courses and going to trade schools, many attending the University, no one unemployed, the average annual earnings of anyone desiring year round employment being $1,300.00 and very little if any public antagonism.

Today in this area, agricultural workers are dispersed over an area of 25,000 square miles from Balmoral to Emerson, from Brandon to Whitemouth, from Kenora and Stratton near Fort Frances to Fort William. Workers, other than farm, are spread even farther afield; from The Pas six hundred miles northwest of Winnipeg, Neepawa, Brandon to Winnipeg, Sperling to Winnipeg, Schreiber, White River, Geraldton to Fort William. In no city nor entire municipality other than Winnipeg and Fort William, does the Japanese population exceed sixty, nor with the exception of Curtis Siding and Geraldton, does it exceed fifty; farm areas included. Excluding domestics, Greater Winnipeg has one hundred and sixteen employed people and Fort William, fifty-six.

With the dispersal of evacuees, the general public lost their concern over the settlement of Japanese and in turn the Japanese found a greater diversity of jobs, better locations, and more congenial surroundings. It is, therefore, to be hoped that people of Japanese origin remaining in Canada will be astute enough to continue this dispersal policy themselves, for their ultimate benefit and for the general good of the entire nation.

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3467 Ontario Ave.
Montreal, P.Q.

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Season's Greetings

Toronto Co-Operative Committee
on
Japanese Canadians
TORONTO ONTARIO

Greetings and Best Wishes

George Uyehara
Lloyd Nishiyama
George Shoji
Kyo Shoji

Darling & Co. of Canada
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May the Spirit of Christmas Remain With You During the Coming Year

Thelma and Charles Scambler
Ste. 24, Sterling Apts.
Winnipeg, Man.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Tsuchiya and Family
450 Burrows Ave., Winnipeg

—Photo by Jerry Ito.

Under the wide open prairie skies, a lonely Nisei girl sits in meditation. What are her thoughts as she gazes into the drifting clouds? In the next column, A.K. tries to answer this question.

A MAN FROM TRINIDAD

● A Sketch

By Hideo Shigei

IT WAS a cold Sunday evening. The snow gleamed bluish white under the street lights. The bitter north wind was blowing unimpeded through the wide street. Yet a considerable group had gathered at a beautiful Anglican church on Sherbrooke street to listen to a gentleman from Trinidad.

Trinidad . . . It suggested a warm, lazy tropical island where bananas and coconuts grew. I was curious. What on earth could a man from Trinidad be doing in this ungodly Canadian winter? I wondered what he looked like. It seemed absurd that anyone in his right senses should come all the way out from Trinidad, unless, of course, he had some pretty important reason.

The congregation was tense. They must have felt the same curiosity.

He was a Negro, a big man. He was apparently a minister. His name, I think, was Rev. Canon John D. Rankeeson. He reminded me of Paul Robeson dressed up for the part of "Othello."

He spoke eloquently and passionately with an accent which was typically that of a Negro. As he spoke, he raised his big hand many times to his face as if he were wiping off his sweat. The congregation, for the most part English-speaking, listened spellbound.

In his rich voice he spoke of his homeland Trinidad. It was a rich country, and the largest oil-producing country in the British Empire. It was rich in asphalt. There was something like pride in his voice as he described the people of Trinidad and the way in which they lived together in harmony. There were many different races: Negroes, Jews, Chinese, English, ... They were all loyal to the crown. They fought together in the war, and had sacrificed their youths.

Then he talked about Canada. Canada was different. Canada was divided into groups, into racial factions. He recounted his personal experiences in Canada, of how he had been shamefully treated many times. He was a little bitter. He appealed for tolerance and freedom in economic and political life.

We are in a great transition period from machine age to the atomic age, he said. Unless we, and all the people of the earth, become mutually tolerant, we will live in constant strife, and eventually destroy ourselves.

When the sermon was finished, he was exhausted. He descended from the pulpit like a tired boxer descending from the ring. He walked up to the altar and knelt to pray. In the solemn atmosphere, the image of Christ on the stained-glass window seemed to glow.

It was cold outside, and I shivered. As I walked through the lighted streets, I thought of the man from Trinidad and his sermon. It was true what he said. But so was the voice that cried in the wilderness. It's hard when you feel things more than the others. He was sincere; there was no doubt about that. He was like a man who had stepped out from an island paradise to find that things were not the same everywhere. There was an ugly side of life that contrasted sharply with what he had been accustomed to, or what he thought everything should be like.

It was alright. He was strong and idealistic. If we didn't have men like him, the world will ... And I thought of the rich, warm tropical island of Trinidad which was his home.

Sunset and Evening Star

By A.K.

TOSH was tired—and dissatisfied. She couldn't stay in that stuffy cabin any longer. Leaving the dishes she had come out into the open to be alone with her thoughts.

The harvest was over and ahead was another long cold winter. Should she stay at home, or work at Mrs. Reid's? Anything would be better than being cooped up in the cabin with just mom and dad. They were all right, but too old fashioned.

Once she had wanted to take a commercial course in the city. But they said she shouldn't live in a big city alone. That was that.

The big city . . . At least she wouldn't have to get water from a frozen cistern. She could see her friends — Kaz, Miyo, Ruth, Frances; they were going to town for housework. She could go to Y.P. meetings. And afterwards go with the gang to the coffee shop.

She shivered. The sun had gone down while she had been idling. She felt cold. In the failing light the evening star glittered in the big skies. The clouds that caught the last rays of the sun were drifting in the breeze. They seemed at ease, but she? She could see nothing beyond alternating between back-breaking farm work in the summer and housework in the winter.

"The skies are beautiful," she murmured. There was a kind of vast peace that seeped into her troubled soul as she surveyed the wide skies. She felt it was momentary. She could not easily suppress that craving for the bright lights, the excitement, and going around with friends. Not that she would be contented doing those things. She was interested for the moment in escaping from the months of being cooped up in the cabin, and city life offered that relief. She didn't know. City life as she knew it was really going around in endless circles if you stopped to think about it. It was an illusion of life rather than life itself. She would be occupied in the city, even busy, but at the end you were left tired and nowhere. She thought it would be nice to have a boy friend. That might help.

What a pessimist I am, she scolded herself. The skies had grown darker—time to be getting home. The stars gleamed fiercely. The clouds had become blobs of shadow wandering aimlessly. Aimlessly? No, she felt there was a meaning behind. Her life, too, was as meaningful as the drifting clouds, the skies, and the glittering stars, but as hard to understand.

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395 John St. N.
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THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE NEW CANADIAN WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED UNTIL JANUARY 5, 1946.

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Compliments of this Yuletime Season to our boys in the Armed Service. We are indebted to you and we thank you. To each and every one, we extend a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Japanese Canadian Committee for Democracy
84 Gerrard St. E. Toronto 2, Ont.

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し併て各地同胞の健在を祈る

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[illegible]比 [illegible]一郎 Greenwood, B.C.
濱 [illegible] Greenwood, B.C.

丸 [illegible]良太郎 Greenwood, B.C.

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同 マリアン MARIAN FUJINO
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謹賀新年

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[illegible]めてほの〴〵初日の出　舞南　小山 登
[illegible]かためけりおらがはる　失名子
[illegible]の會に天地ほの〴〵初明り　ケー子　上釜ケー子
[illegible]氣立つ初空へ峯眞白なる　秋天　狩谷 勇
[illegible]日の出輝きわたる山河かな　思水　片岡 武雄

零下なる大氣貫き初日の出　登美　西村 トミ
新年や浄氣に満つる朝心　夢人　中町 軍治
初日の出百羽の鷄の聲々に　未入　佐野 駒藏
初どりに天地の誓ひ新たなる　陽山　神田 良雄
霜りん〳〵大氣も清し初日の出　正嵐　庄司 正
乏しきに慣れて獨居の酒も屠蘇　鯨洋　吉田 清一
勅題に因み奉りて
老松に雪の雅趣や初日の出　初江　浜野 初江

淑氣立つ松上の雪初日の出　小春　小川 正春
初日の出松上の雪清らかに　月鏡　三井 政雄
松上の雪燦然と初日の出　梅笑　宮崎 新造
雪晴るゝ松のみどりや明けのはる　偶感　山本 昇
舞ひ来る涙かくして初日の出　春洋　小田信次郎
初日の出銀嶺に響く橇の鈴　雷鳴　狩谷 悦治

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タシメ在留中の御交誼を感謝し併て諸兄姉の御健康と幸福を祈る
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平素の疎遠を謝し併て諸君の御多幸を祈る
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A Relocee's Home—Black's Harbour
Hatsu Doi and family, the only relocees in New Brunswick

カナダ東海岸に移つた土井初氏の家

運を天にまかせて新しく日系人未踏の新天地たる大西洋岸のニューブランスウイック州ブラックスハーバーに再定住した土井初氏一家は其後すつかり落着いて一同元氣で働いてをり、近所の白人からも[illegible]は特に親切にされてゐる。

三州の移動日系人定住對策

マニトバは領政府に一任、アルバータも強いて反對はせぬ

（ウイニペッグ發）カナダの戰爭終了と共にバーバー以東に散在した日本人が再び西部沿岸に歸還して來る事を嫌ふのであるとピーシー州で騒いでゐる時、加奈陀の平原三州の政府は領政府の日系人散在政策に對して如何なる態度をとるか、三州の首相によつて發表された[illegible]日系人の居所に關する領政府の支配權はなくなるわけだが、ピーシー州は今尚州内に居る一萬五千の日本人を他の州へも[illegible]によつて引受けよと要求してをり、東部州から東部にかけて八千の日本人が散在してゐるのだ[illegible]サスカチワンのグリッグス首相は各州が「ピーシー州の荷を輕くする」ために割前を引受ける事に賛成で[illegible]

バータ共に現在州内に居る日系人に對しては餘り強い反對はしないであらうが夫々の態度には差異がある。要約すれば次の如くである。

（一）サスカチワンは人種の事では問題とせず「公正なる判斷」の日本人を引受ける用意がある

（二）マニトバは放任主義的な態度で日系人問題處理の全責任は領政府にあると主張してゐる

（三）アルバータは戰後に移動した日本人は他へ移すと領が約束した事に就ては更に協議する用意はあるもの、領政府が此の約束を守る事を豫期してゐる。

クリスチャンとしての見解から、「我々には日系人の特權を取上げる憲法上の權利はない筈だ」と言明し、マニトバのガーソン首相は「日系人をマニトバに移動させたのは全然領の責任であつたから夫れを何う處置するかも全く領の責任である」と言ひ、不忠誠が實證された者を自發的に歸國を申請した日本人は日本へ送るべきで出來るだけ早く夫れを實行するやうに奨勵し援助すべきであるが忠誠問題にならぬ一般の日系人に對しては他のカナダ人と同等なる特權を認めるべきだと思ふと語つてゐる。更にガーソン首相はピーシーからマニトバへ日本人が移動して來る際にマニトバ州政府は別に協約にサインはしなかつた事を初めて發表したが、夫れはカナダ生れの日系人乃至は合法的にカナダに入國した者をマニトバに入れるのに領政府やセキュリテーコミッションは何もマニトバの許可を得る必要はなかつたからであり、第二にはマニトバ州は協約をしたからとてマニトバ州政府としては夫を實行させるに[illegible]

[illegible]からであると説明してゐる。一方アルバータは移動日本人の處置を全然領政府の手に委ねることは出來ぬといふ態度でマンニング首相は「我々はセキュリテーコミッションとの協約が實行される事を期してゐるが、アルバータの戰後政策にも關係ある事なので政府としては更に日本人に門戸を開放する事につき再考する筈で二月中旬に開會される州議會までには何分の決定を見るだらう」と云つてゐる。

カムループス商議 移動者退去を要求

（カムループス發）當市商業會議所は領政府のマッケンジー大臣に對し同氏が「ロッキー以西には日本人は留らせぬ」と約束したのを回想して「太平洋戰後に入つて來た日本人を退去させる」事につき再確認を要請してやつた。

十一月中の東行者

（晩香坡發）十一月中にピーシー州から東行した日本人は大人七二、子供二三で十月の四六人に比し增加したが昨年十一月に比べると減少だと勞働省日本人局發表。

送還權能附與の閣令

『在留不適當者』選別の委員も任命

（オタワ發）キング首相は去る月曜日の閣議に於てミッチェル勞働相が閣令により若干の日系人送還に關する權能を附與せられた旨發表した。發しられた閣令は次の三項である。

（一）歸國申請をした日本人ナショナル、歸國申請をした歸化せる日系加奈陀人にして九月一日以後までに其取消しを請願せざる者及び加奈陀生れの日系人にして日本へ行きたいと表明し追放命令が發しられる以前に其の要請を取消さざる者を加奈陀から送還し得る權能を勞働相に與へる

（二）加奈陀を去り日本の住民となる歸化せる日系加奈陀人の英國臣民及び加奈陀臣民たるの資格を取り除く

（三）三名からなるコミッションを任命（氏名は未だ發表されず）して加奈陀に留まる事を欲する日本人の加奈陀にたいする忠誠を調査して『此國に留まるに適しないもの』を選別させる。コミッションは追放を進言する權能を與へられる。

而して未だ公式に發表された事ではないが九月一日以前に歸國申請を取消しをなさざる日本人ナショナル八百餘人の第一グループは一月中頃に出發させる事になつてゐると見られてをり其他の者にたいする送還の用意も進んでゐると云はれる。

右のキング首相の發表に對してウイニペッグ選出のスチュワート代議士（シーシーエフ）は歸化日系人を追放する提議を非難し「歸國申請調査の際に脅迫が行はれた」と指摘したがキング首相は之に對して「歸化日系人の或者はまだ戰爭中に日本へ歸りたいと申請したが斯の如き申請をなした者は誰でも日本が戰勝すると信じ敵者の側につきたいと欲して居たに違ひない。斯ういふ態度をとるといふ事は誰人にもせよ彼の市民權を喪失するに相當する事だ」と述べ、ミッチェル勞働相は脅迫などいふ事はなかつたと否定して「大きな加奈陀の赤十字も認めてゐる」と言明した。次いでスチュワート代議士が「加奈陀に居る日本人中不忠誠の行爲で處罰された者はないと云ふ事を政府は認めねばならぬ」と云ふやキング首相は「若も歸化日系人が戰爭中に歸國を申請したら[illegible]人の場合と同じく追放されるであらう」と答へ、スチュワート代議士が「政府與黨の代議士の中には人種的偏見を煽動した者がある」と非難するや與黨側から騒ぎ立て議場はしばし混亂に陥つた。

右の閣令に關し二十日のウイニペッグ・フリープレス紙は其社說で「カナダ生れの日系人は自發的に日本へ歸つても彼等のカナダ市民の籍は問題にならず、自らカナダの籍を放棄せざる限り法律上では何時でもカナダに再び入る事が出來る」と指摘し、今年中で戰爭對處法は消滅しても其存續期間中に同法の下で通過した閣令（追放令）は一月一日から有効となる新しき緊急權力法下で自動的に効力を存續するものであると説明してゐる。

戰時中の歸化證表 失日系人は十名

（オタワ發）戰時中に加奈陀で歸化證を取消された者は七一八人だが不忠誠のかどによる者は七五人（日本人十人）だけで後は七ヶ年以上もカナダに居なかつた爲である。

「二世よ日本に歸るな」

米國から第一回送還船で日本へ歸つた二世の中には想像して居た日本とは[illegible]のあたりに見る日本の[illegible]な姿に悲觀して「今頃米國に歸れたら[illegible]」と[illegible]つて日本へ歸らんとしてゐる二世諸君に是非思ひ止まつて米國に[illegible]精神も生きるやう[illegible]と收容されてゐる通譯の使ひ[illegible]たバラックを訪問した米人記者に[illegible]歸化してゐると云ふ

結婚御挨拶

右兩名儀永井正一氏御夫妻の仲介に依り兼て婚約中の處十二月[illegible]日[illegible]ソンプレスビテリアン教會に於て[illegible]牧師司式の下に結婚式擧行致しました[illegible]

ニウ・デンヴァ

結婚御挨拶

右兩名儀兼て婚約中の處[illegible]月一日當市カルガリー[illegible]に於て[illegible]を媒酌人として結婚式擧行致しました[illegible]今後共宜しく御指導御鞭撻の程御願ひ申上げます

モントリオール市

御禮

御地在留中は皆様より一方ならぬ御厚情を賜り今回東行に際しても色々御世話になりました事を厚く御禮申上げます

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[illegible]の光輝は[illegible]暗黒の[illegible]べき新年に希望の光輝を見、[illegible]破壊された地上に新しき建設の幻を見ることが出來よう。[illegible]

[illegible]カナデアンは全部で三十二ページとなりました。クリスマスを[illegible]し後片付をしたのち次號は一月五日に發刊いたします。

■結婚 グリーンウッドの鎌井正明氏と間庭シゲコ嬢は倉本佐夫上門氏夫妻の仲介で十一月廿四日結婚式擧行▲レイモンドの川野常吉氏（東京）長男賀一氏と江畑忠七[illegible]

4374 Marquette St.
Montreal, P.Q.

ニューカナデアン

在加日本人の為の獨立不羈の週刊紙

ウイニペッグ市タルボツト街五〇四 電話五〇一三〇六
發行者 生山國人
英文編輯者 小山和彦
日本文編輯者 梅月高市
購讀料一部十仙 一月四十仙（前金六ヶ月二弗 一ヶ年四弗）

社説

追放阻止のために

歸國申請書にサインした一萬餘の在留日本人の運命は中ぶらりのまゝで年は暮れんとしてゐる。此問題に關して政府がとつた最近の措置は、政府閣府のオタワ議會に於て、歸國申請に對し歸國申請をした日本人又はカナダ人にして九月一日までに其の取消しを要請しなかつた者を追放する權能を與へる閣令を發したと發表した事である。之等の人々を追放するのは、彼等が未だ戰爭中に日本が勝つと考へて歸國を希望したからだと政府は意識的に理屈づけてゐるが、これは彼等が否定してゐるところであつて、彼等は日獨の不安からのがれる為めに様々ながらサインしたのだと主張してゐるのである。

然るに政府は今日までのところでは、日本人が脅迫された状態の下にあつたが故に斯るサインをしたと云はれてゐる事に對しては之を調査する事に就業を示してもらず、脅迫はなかつたと言つてゐるだけである。政府は脅迫するつもりはなかつたかも知れないが、餘儀なく氣が進まないながらサインした事情はわるのである。不幸にして政府は歸化人とナショナルに關する限りでは個々のケースを再調して彼等が實際不忠誠であつたか乃至は何か別な理由から歸國申請をしたかを決定する取極めをしていない。現下の如き世界史上最重要なる時に於て、人種的少數者に對し不公正なる取扱ひをしたことが後になつて遺憾立てられるが如き行為を避けることはデモクラチックな國家の政府としては特に必要なことであるだらう。

既に政府は其の追放政策を發表したのであるが、不忠誠とは何等關係なき理由の下に歸國申請書にサインした無辜の市民及び法律を遵守して來た日本人ナショナルが追放されようとしてゐるのをデモクラチックな方法を通して阻止するためには金や移動者自身が行動しなければならぬのである。

それには色々な手段が必要である。第一には歸國申請書にサインした者が若しカナダに留まりたいならばマウンテッドポリス當局に其の取消しを申込む事である。第二には各州に於ける日本人が大々の州に於ける中央委員會を組織して運動資金を集め強制的追放の脅威に直面して居る者のために緊急の行動がとれるやうに用意をしておく事である。最近のウィニペッグ・フリープレスの社説は、追放命令を受けた者は彼の居住してゐる州の最高法廷に上告する事が出來ると指摘してゐたが、各州別に問題に對應する組織が必要なのは此のためである。

祝賀の意味

赤川美盈

戰爭の終結を新年と共に殘され し戰爭の苦惱を想ひ、壊された故郷の廢墟に涙を流めつゝクリスマスを迎へんとして居る。

クリスマスはイエス降誕の記念日、其のこゝろは人生と世界歴史の意義を象徴する。

●ナザレーな羊牧者の在る夜の靜寂に天の光輝は照り、暗黒の裏空に天使の歌聲は響き、貧しき馬小屋に人々の拳を揚ぐる無名の幼兒に王者として來り拜跪せしむ光景である。

人のする真面目なる職業に卑賤なるものなく、見ゆる暗黒の世にも天來の光輝あり、無力の幼兒にも偉王者として拜跪せしむるの價値あるを想はしむるはクリスマスの音づれである。

今や時は暗く、風は冷く、世は數々の悲哀を載せて移れ行かんとす。されど我々クリスマスの音づれに共鳴するの心だにあれば、來るべき新年に希望の光輝を見、破壊されたこの地上に新しき建設の幻を見ることが出來よう。かゝる意味に於てクリスマスを

●次號は一月五日に

特別號發刊に對して皆様から絶大なる御支援を頂きました事を厚く感謝申上ます。お蔭で本日のニューカナデアンは全部で三十二ページとなりました。クリスマスを濟まし後片付けをしたのち次號は一月五日に發刊いたします。

メモランダム

T・U

クリスマスを迎へて

●特別號に對して多くの方々から寄稿を頂いたが其全部を載せきれなかつたので年が明けてから發表したいと思つてゐる。御厚情を感謝すると共に御了解を乞ひ一層活潑なる通信と寄稿を切望する。

●一九四五年の後半は歸國申請者の問題でいつぱいだつた觀があるが、私達の關心の中核はデモクラシーの正しき育成を通して私達の自由平等なる正常生活の獲得にある。米原三州首相の移動者に對する「光明」ある態度の發表は之よきクリスマスの贈り物だと言へる。これは新しき年を迎へて人々が將來の計畫を樹てる上に大に資する所があらう。この年日系二世がカナダ軍に入隊し得たことも私達の將來を考へる上から銘記さるべきことである。

●一九四五年中に於ける最大の出來事はアトミック・エネルギーの出現である。それは原子彈となつて日本の降伏を早め數十萬か數百萬かの犠牲者を少くしたかもしれないものではない。その使ひ方によつては地球上の氣候をさへ變化させ農業其他あらゆる方面に一大革新をもたらし得るもので、實に人類の歴史上に於て石器時代から銅時代、鐵器時代に進化したほどの大なる變化を人類の生活の上に及ぼすであらうと言はれるものである。此の驚異すべき科學の進歩の前には現存の國家機構さへ用をなさず、勢い世界國家への体制を[illegible]

實際に活かす外か行き道なき事を數へる。人々は既に夫れを知つてゐる筈なのに未だ心が——人間の備意がそれまで開かれてゐない。クリスマスを迎へて熟考すべきことだ。

近衛元首相は自殺

（東京發）マッカーサー司令部から逮捕命令を受けてゐた近衛元首相は去る日服毒自殺をとげた。戰前日本共産黨では最近發表した戰爭責任者名簿二千名の中に天皇を始め首相閣下も含めてゐるが反共産主義を標榜して新刊された『民報』の社説も天皇に戰爭責任ありとして廢位を主張して注目されてゐる。又マッカーサー司令部は日本政府に對して本日日本の國教としての神道廢止を命じ學校で神道を教へることと及び政府の神道に對するあらゆる援助、軍國主義と極端なる國家主義觀念の普及をも禁じた。

日本のお正月用酒

（東京發）お正月用として日本政府は餅米、魚、野菜等の統制をホンの少し緩和し酒は一人當り三パイント（但し獨身婦人は其中から一カップ減少）だけ買ふ事を許可した。シガレットは三十本だけで一月中は現在の一日三本を四本に増加した。

人事消息

■出生 アルバータ州マグラスのマキンタイヤ・ランチに居る橋本延次氏夫人は十一月廿四日男兒を出産▲ニウデンヴアーの濱田彦氏夫人は十二月二日男兒を出産

■結婚 グリーンウッドの龜井正明氏と間處シゲコ嬢は倉本佐太工門氏夫妻の仲介で十一月廿四日結婚式擧行▲レイモンドの川野常吉氏（東京）長男賀一氏と江畑忠七氏（[illegible]）[illegible]西村市平両氏夫妻の世話で十一月廿四日レイモンド佛教會に於て生田開教使により結こん式擧行▲藤原利之氏と森若トミコ嬢は永井正一氏夫妻の世話で十二月八日ニウデンヴアーのプレスビテアン教會にてバンソン牧師により結こん式擧行

■婚約 レイモンドの齋藤勇助氏長男博滿氏と林與惣衛氏三女ピサエ嬢は岡元貞助氏夫妻の仲介で九月廿二日こん約式擧行▲オンタリオ州ハンバーベーの神野彦氏息女トシゴ嬢は同州クラークソンの杉野森隆氏と木村氏の世話でこん約した

■死亡 ビクチユアビユートの重廣議氏は十月廿八日レスブリヂ病院にて死去同月一日同地佛教會で河村開教使司式で葬儀執行▲ニウデンヴアーの宇野幸三郎氏三男克巳氏は十二月六日同地療養院にて死去十三日小宮山牧師司式で葬儀が行はれた

本紙援助を感謝

ニューカナデアン援助の寄附金を次の方々から頂きましたのに對し紙上にて深謝致します

▲アルバータ州マグラスの橋本延次氏より（男兒出産記念）▲オンタリオ州ケノラの大城義晴氏夫人

ニューカナデアン

御禮

御地方在住就職中は皆々様より格別のご厚情に預り有難うございました今回東行に際しまして色々とお世話になりました上多くの御芳情を頂きました段重ねて御禮申し上ます途中無事にて左記に安着致しましたに就ては紙上を以て皆々様の御健勝にて活躍下さる様念じて居ります

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岡田本壽男
同 ヨシコ

オカナガンセンター、ウインフイールド、ヴアーノン、ケローナ、マガナツペ、セレスタ在住各位

ビーシー購買組合

本組合は今回[illegible]事になりました。就ては組合員各位の御[illegible]

十二月四日 會計 [illegible]

三男克巳

三男克巳（二十二歳）[illegible]病氣悪化し[illegible]六日午前七時昇天[illegible]告別式[illegible]

昭和二十年十二月十五日
ニューデンヴアー
喪主 父 宇野幸三郎
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「我々は新日本建設へ、君達は生れ故郷で活動してくれ」

一世兵士の手紙の中から

シンガポールは東洋のパリと云はれるだけあつて繁華に満ちた町である。東洋に育つた我々にとつては戰爭は時代おくれでジャングルに住まない所に置かれたのであつた[illegible]戰にしろグンで實際にしろ建築物にしろ我々がカナダでは見た事のない立派なものが數々あり「百聞は一見に如かず」といふ事をつくづく實感した事であつた。

シンガポールは巨大な支那人町である。人口の大部が支那人ださうだから何處へ行つても支那人ばかりである。マレイのゴム園、錫鑛山等の殆どが支那人經營でマレーの經濟實權は支那人の手中にある狀態である。

マレー一帶の戰後の狀況は歐洲と同じく物不足のためブラックマーケットが盛んである。ブレッド一本が六弗（カナダ貨三弗）、コールゲートのツースペーストが一チューブ五弗、ラックス・ソープが一個三弗、シガレット一本二十仙から二十五仙、ウイスキー（廿五オンス）が四十弗から六十五弗、ジンが三十弗——と云つた具合で目が廻るほどの物價暴騰を統制するのに聯合軍當局は頭を惱ましてゐる。

◇

聯合軍がマレヤを占領し數萬の日本兵の武裝を解き兵隊及シビリアンをインターンした。日本の無條件降伏に對し之等の人々がどんな氣持でをるだらうか。印度でインターンされてゐるビルマ戰線の日本軍捕虜、マレヤでインターンされて居る日本兵及シビリアンの意見をきいたが何れも同じで「日本は戰爭には負けた、併し日本人として恥をかく樣な事をしてはならない、全力を盡して新日本建設のために勵まなければならない」と言つてゐる。そして毎日聯合軍司令の下に働いて居る。此結果として日本軍の統一のとれてゐること、まじめで文句なしによく働く事は聯合軍に大いに稱讚されてゐる。

つくづく感じさせられる事は、こちらの日本人の態度である。我我二世が聯合軍の一軍人としてマレヤ占領に參加した事に對し、日本軍司令官を始めとして各階級の將校竝に兵卒は斯う言つてゐる

「日英兩語の解る君達二世が來て下されて非常によかつた。よく來て下された。これから我々は新日本建設のために從事するから、君達は君達の生れ故郷でしつかり活動して下され」

これを聞いた時、我々が軍隊へ志願した當時の或日系人の態度が思ひ出された。こちらの日本人ど[illegible]である。シンガポール內に[illegible]名以上の日本人シビリアンがインターンされて居る。之等の人々は休戰後間もなく日本軍によつてジュリングといふ荒地へダンプされたのである。少しばかりの私用品を持つて家一軒もない場所へ放り出されたシビリアンは聯合軍が來るのを待つては居なかつた。直に總動員で或材料を使用して家を建て野菜畑を作り今では呑氣な自由な生活を送つて居る。ビーシー州沿岸から移動させられた時の日本人一般の態度と思ひ合せてみて大きな違ひがある。カナダ在留の日本人は此の人々から學ばなければならぬであらう。

◇

極東に來て日本語の上手な人が數多く居るのに驚いた。白人又は日白混血兒で日本の大學を卒業した樣な人が司令部で働いて居る。自分の仕事は日本語新聞記事、日本語放送のスクリプトのセンサーである。同盟のスタッフを使つてマ[illegible]居る日本兵のために「世界週報」といふ日本語週刊新聞を發行して居るのである。

平和の春

内田一作

けふ、その年を迎ねる。一九四六年——平和の春なのである。

平和の春とはいつても、まだ、われわれはそれらしい陽光を浴びることもなく、冬の日の厳しくも暗い寂さの中で、身心をふるはしてゐる狀態である？

われわれは、何處でさうなる身か、[illegible]のでともわからず、誰も默[illegible]の前に跪くかと思はれたりし、また、敗戰荒廢のヨーロッパの野邊をさまよふ人々の身の上を思ふならば、いよいよ心痛むうちにも、われわれは、なにやら心いやされるものを覺ゆるであらう。

また、われわれは、そのささやかななねがひも容れられず、世の無情をかこち……この地をば去り行く人々を、われわれのうちに見出す事であらうかと思はれたりする、郷々には、春めく心も遠い日である。

このやうな苦悩と、このやうな貧しい生命といふものが、我々以外に此の世に存するであらうかとの切ない想ひに襲はれたりする。けれども、時あつて、我々が、今[illegible]東洋のことどもに思ひを到し、

此處にも彼處にも、吾にもまして貧しくも苦悩する人々ありしかどの共感にむせぶであらう。

さうして、われわれは、泣きぬれた涙に消められた想ひで、この朝をみる。

一九四六年度。

春の日の向はるかに、大空の陽の光とて暗黒にさへぎられてゐず、いささかもわれわれの身心をあたためるものとも思はれないが、我我も亦、

大空には太陽の、地上には平和の春の訪れをば信じるであらう。

一切の恩怨を去つて、人間が人間の幸福のために献身することの美しさを思ふべきである。

人間が復興の一念にもえ、それに激することども、持に悲壯な人間の行事であらうが、それにもまして、吾れも生き他人も生きよとの人類共盛に生きることの大いさを思ふべきである。

「恩讐の彼方へ——」苛の洞門の物語りの美しさを、けふわれわれはひそかに思ふ。

日本の慘狀

左は神戸中央メソヂスト教會の齋藤宗治牧師から最近歸來した教會使節ボルトン博士に託してトロントの清水牧師に寄せられた十一月十日付の手紙の內容

×

「……激しき空襲下に京都をのぞいて大都市は殆ど爆撃を蒙り教會の燒失も五百に近い。而も大方は都市の有力な教會で日本の教會勢力の七割を失つたと云つても過言であるまい。慘事中廣島が最もひどく廣島女學院では院長始め十一名の教師、同窓牧師一家が燒死、東京での殘つた教會は十內外、神戸では三十以上の教會が燒失し組合教會牧師一家三名燒死。私の教會も二回とも猛火に包まれたが御恩寵の下に私と娘二人とが最後まで踏み止まつて消火する事が出來小損害で戰禍中は多數の罹災者の避難所となり終戰後は早速活動を始める事が出來て只今は毎日曜日に米國進駐軍の禮拜を九時から教會の禮拜を十時半よりしてゐて段段とキリストを中心とした完全なる理解と協力とがなりつゝある。十一月二日には京都に於て米國より飛來したボルトン博士、ベーカー監督等四人の教會使節を迎へ心溶なく懇談し教會を通して吾國のドン底に陷りつゝある日本國民を救ふ道を講ぜられん事を懇談した「日本は今や戰時中よりも甚しき窮乏困憊の狀態に陷り配給物はのみで[illegible]別に求むれば所謂「闇」で米一升八十圓、甘藷一貫目四十圓といふ値段、燒け野原の街頭に露天で賣るものはドオナツ一個五圓、袖一圓十圓と云ふ値で、一方失業者のむれは不安におそはれ罹災者は家なく乞食小屋の樣な所に住み寒燃なき來るべき冬は餓死者凍死者の多數が出る事を豫想されてゐる。道義は全く地に墮ち軍人の墮落、官吏の無力、一般民衆の無道德、正に五等國の崩れさまであり、之を救ふものは實に活ける福音の力のほかなく然も教會も多數燒失、信徒も離散して困難を極めて居る。切に御祈禱を願上ます」

山里の冬

テーラーレーキ　閑星

雪野染めはつ日くまなき高原に

雪風吹一瞬視野を遮れり

ゆき晴の陽を愛でながらスレー押す

雪風のひねもす樹海搖れ止まず

木立濃く[illegible]に影して月冷ゆる

○

パートンウエル　美津劍

子をあやし疲れ日脚[illegible]ゆきを踏む

ゆきとなる風の面や[illegible]

親子三人隣は遠く[illegible]笑へ

○

晩霽境　針須芳乃

しづしづと[illegible]一日の[illegible]

かけの富士金色に輝きにけり

忍びやかにささなみ寄るキチラノの沖に今年の入日ながめれ

○

アルバータ　[illegible]

むさくるしき[illegible]土にしるめ

されどみづほの國も焦げ土の島

○

オンタリオ　[illegible]

[illegible]を終れに[illegible]まじし我の[illegible]

はこの千歳にいづち祈らん

○

トロント　佐々木美智

積もれど[illegible]雪きに耐[illegible]

松は千歳に[illegible]

松上雲

○

ミシノ　田中麗

酷寒に耐へて實れる[illegible]に報ゆ

重たれる新年つゝき

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The Red Sleigh

A Christmas Story by Mark Toyama

SAMUEL accepted the cookies from Mrs. Halcomb and solemnly thanking her, turned to go when he heard it — a deep voice, sounding in jolly laughter amid a jingle of bells, "Hello, boys and girls. This is Santa Claus! And how are you all? I hope you are good boys and girls because Christmas is coming soon; only two weeks away. Now, let's look at the mail bag, here's a letter from Tommy Amherst of 1400 Dunbar. Now Tommy wants a scooter and a chemistry set, and . . ."

Samuel stood shock still. So still that old Mrs. Halcomb looked at him inquiringly till Samuel's voice found tongue.

"Is that really Santa Claus?" he asked in wonder.

"Yes, Samuel," said kind Mrs. Halcomb. "He's on the radio."

"Can I listen?" asked Samuel, his steps already inching towards the front room. Mrs. Halcomb hesitated, then relenting, said, "Yes, you may." And so Samuel went further into the room to the large radio in the corner.

It was a commodious front room, with a large fireplace. A huge easy chair faced the cheerfully burning logs with its back to the radio and Samuel. Mrs. Halcomb's son, Lieut. John Halcomb, formerly attached to the Winnipeg Grenadiers, repatriated from Hong Kong and recently discharged from the Shaughnessy Military Hospital, sat in the chair. Only Lieut. John's feet and the tip of his cane were visible to Samuel.

Mrs. Halcomb looked anxiously toward her son as he sat brooding there. Lieut. John was a war casualty. In the early part of the war he had been in the Signal Corps at Hong Kong. An enemy incendiary had hit the magnesium flares which were Lieut. John's responsibility; a tremendous explosion had blasted the earth crippling him with a blinding flash. The doctors had tried to cure and had shaken their heads over his case. Time might cure it; time was the only hope. It might be shock or psycho-neurasthenia—the doctors did not know. Now bitter and with only faint hope comforting him, Lieut. John waited in his chair for time to pass.

But Samuel knew nothing of this. His eyes, his ears were at the radio as Santa spoke.

". . . so Jane wants a doll with golden hair. We will look for just the right one for you, Jane. And now my time is up, my reindeers are waiting, so goodbye for now. Don't forget to write to Santa Claus and tell me what you want for Christmas." There was a jingle of bells and Santa was gone. The bland voice of the announcer broke in, "Don't forget, kiddies, write to Santa Claus at David Spencer's and visit Toyland on the fifth floor at Spencer's to ride on the Christmas train. Have mother bring you down." The program was over.

Samuel turned and spoke to Mrs. Halcomb at the door.

"Santa Claus is real, isn't he? That was Santa, wasn't it? And he reads letters from boys who want presents—gee!"

Mrs. Halcomb smiled and nodded.

"Yes, that was Santa Claus; a real Santa."

The door bell tinkled and the front door opened to admit Miss Amy Lowell who was working at the New Denver post office. "Hello, Mrs. Halcomb . . . hello," she said, looking inquiringly at Samuel.

"This is Samuel Hayakawa," said Mrs. Halcomb, and with a chuckle added that Samuel had just heard Santa on the radio for the first time.

"Some boys told me that Santa Claus wasn't real, but I heard him now," asserted Samuel.

"My, how nice. Of course, Santa is real and you can hear him every day. Why, you can hear him tomorrow again if you come at the same time. Can't he?" asked Miss Amy of Mrs. Halcomb. Mrs. Halcomb agreed.

Samuel was overjoyed and fairly jumped and hopped home to the Orchard to tell grandmother.

Miss Amy took off her coat to visit awhile, and told Mrs. Halcomb about the big rush coming at the post office due to Christmas. Suddenly the man in the chair spoke harshly.

"You mean that Jap kid is going to come again? Damn, you know I can't stand seeing . . ." the voice stopped short, then continued flatly: "I can't stand having Japs around."

The two women looked at each other, then Amy stepped into the room.

"But John, dear, the boy wants to hear Santa. He won't bother you."

Lieut. John did not reply. Miss Amy sat by him and related the news of the village as she did daily.

THE next day was Wednesday and Miss Amy hurried to the Halcomb house after the half-day's work.

"John, do you know what happened today? Samuel, that little Japanese boy came into the post office and bought a four-cent stamp and I put it on the letter for him. Guess who he was writing to?"

"To the Emperor of Japan, no doubt, pledging his loyalty," said John caustically.

"Please, John," said Miss Amy steadily. "He wrote to Santa Claus at David Spencer's to tell Santa what he wanted. He said that his teacher had written the letter for him. I asked him what he had asked Santa for but he was too shy to tell me. Oh, John, Samuel is going to ask if he may come every day to hear Santa on the air. You'll let him come, won't you?"

"What!" snapped John. "Every day? I can't have him around here every day."

"But it's only for a few minutes and he would be so disappointed if he couldn't listen to Santa."

"Do him good," said John. "Cure him of the Santa Claus nonsense. May as well learn early that there is no Santa Claus who will give what you ask for. All clap-trap and silly nonsense."

"How can you be cruel to a child?" said Miss Amy, her voice rising slightly. "It's one of the finest things in childhood to believe in Santa Claus, whether the child is black, white or yellow. It's beautiful, it's innocent, and—"

"And bosh," snapped John.

And so it was that Samuel and his Santa Claus started a serious quarrel between Miss Amy and Lieut. John. Samuel, however, was just a spark re-igniting a long-banked fire. The two had quarrelled before. Prior to the catastrophe of war, John and Amy had been engaged, but when John returned as a war casualty, he had broken off the engagement. He felt bitter, broken, of no use to anyone. In vain Miss Amy had pleaded. It did not matter; things could not change if they still loved one another. Life would be more than enough if John and she were together. But John was adamant, and Amy's tears were unavailing. Since then a comradeship had developed. A wary comradeship on John's part, apologetic yet grateful, and a waiting prayerful period for Amy. Now the tension broke for Amy. She lit out in an anguish of frustration, love, and feminine temper.

"How cruel of you, it's brutal," she cried.

"Cruel, it's the Japs who know about that," grated John.

"And you would revenge yourself on a little child!" How cowardly!"

And it went on. Many are the recriminations, many are the sharp barbs hurled when lovers quarrel; sometimes the greater the love, the sharper the quarrel. It is said.

Little Samuel had nothing to do with most of the points of dissension which were old aches of both hearts. But the bitter quarrel, smashing their comradeship, casting them wide apart, ended with Samuel as it had begun. Amy, exhausting her censure and argument, ended with a bit of self-justification and moralizing.

"If all the people in the world believed in Santa Claus, this would be a better world. There wouldn't be cruel people. Good people believe in Santa Claus. I can see Santa Claus in a lot of good things done at Christmas."

She stood up, ending the argument. But John's harsh, sardonic voice snarled;

"When I see Santa Claus with my own eyes, I'll let you know, Miss Amy."

Amy stood stricken when she heard the bitter sardonic tone, the cold finality in John's voice. She would have lost then and there as tears leaped to her eyes. There would have been a sudden melting, a sob for forgiveness, a swift reconciliation had not the front door opened and Mrs. Halcomb returned home. Miss Amy blinked to hold back the welling tears, bit her lips and walked out into the hall, and taking her hat and coat, went sadly home, leaving a shaken John sitting by the fire.

SAMUEL, however, knowing nothing of what had transpired, was prompt at 5:15, and admitted by Mrs. Halcomb, stole in and sat by the radio. John, lost in an agony of recalling the bitter, unmeant phrases, did not hear him. On leaving, Samuel again asked Mrs. Halcomb if he could come again. Mrs. Halcomb, sensing that something was wrong, hesitated, but John's voice, low and weary, came from behind the chair.

"Oh, let him come if he wants to. What does it matter now?"

And Samuel went home happily.

SO, every day Samuel came at 5:15 to hear Santa. The man in the chair said nothing to Samuel's timid hello and goodbye. Miss Amy never came.

Samuel became very worried when Christmas was imminent and nothing happened. Santa Claus spoke to Timothy of Sumas, Dick of 1453 E. Hastings, Lillian at West Vancouver, and forgot about Samuel Hayakawa of New Denver. Samuel went to the post office now and then and Miss Amy was concerned, too. In fact Miss Amy was very anxious to … visited the Halcomb house … the radio and seemed relie… hear that he did. Two d… fore Christmas, Miss Amy … if Samuel had heard from … Claus and on his negative … remarked cheerfully that he … soon would hear. But Samuel worried.

Miss Amy, as soon as Sa… had gone, cranked the telep… and called the Rosebery … graph office.

"Could you take a wire, … telegram to Mr. Santa Claus … Santa Claus, David Spen… Vancouver. 'Santa request … promise something to Samuel … New Denver on radio hour … ent. . . .'" Then Miss Amy ad… a further message to Santa, … ished the wire, hung up the receiver, and had a good cry.

Only today and tomorrow … ly Santa would mention his … day, thought Samuel as the … jingle of the sleigh bells sig… Santa and his deep laugh … sounded. The fifteen minutes … enchanting but still no mention … Samuel. And tomorrow remain… as the only hope. Samuel … silent and troubled. Then … turned to the silent, brood… figure in the chair.

"Mister," he said in a sm… voice, "do you think Santa Cl… doesn't answer me because I'm … Jap?"

There was a tense silence … figure in the chair did not mo… then Lieut. John of the Winnipeg Grenadiers replied carefully, without turning around:

"No, I do not think so. Santa's a busy man, Samuel. He can't answer all the letters he g… What did you ask him for?"

"A red sleigh like the one … had at Trickett's store, a S… Flyer"—then he remembered … "gee, it's a good sleigh. It's a … sleigh," added Samuel doubtfully, as if the size and expense … the determining factors … really was, for Samuel's grandmother lived on a meagre maintenance allowance and could … afford the sleigh and had … a building set for Samuel.

"Well," said John, "Santa … say something tomorrow …" with that Samuel had to be content and go. After his departure John sat in contemplation … taking his cane he made … to the phone and made a c… Nelson.

THE day before Christmas … a long day for Samuel … length when he sat … John's radio, he … crossed his fingers … his eyes crossed … so he had to … "Don't be disappointed … Santa doesn't say … mured the voice … "Everything will be … The program was … familiar music and … the last day, kiddies …

Greetings and Best Wishes for a Happier and Brighter New Year

M. Hayakawa
Mori Higa
Fred A. Imakire
Mas F. Kondo
Hajime Kawai
Shigeru Kawai
A. R. Katsuno
Hideo Morita
Junji Matsushita
Yoshimi Mende
Jack N. Nishiyama
Chiyeto Nakatsu
Mits N. Oikawa
Gorgon Y. Oikawa
Ken M. Oikawa
Kaz Uyesugi
Tom Uyesugi
Akira Yokoyama
Kazuo Yokoyama

[illegible]

Princeton Trail Sawmills Ltd.
Hope, B.C.

Season's Greetings

Canadian Pacific Railways
Schreiber Shop

Unosuke Amano
Tsumoru Hanada
Norman N. Hayashi
Harold T. Hayashi
Rondy Y. Ishii
Ken Nagasaka
Reo Nagasaka

Mitsuo Sakaiye
Tsuguo Suzuki
Saburo Suzuki
Hachiro Suzuki
Frank M. Tagami
Henry Takatsu
Takashi Takeuchi

Satoshi Yano

P.O. Box 363 — Schreiber, Ont.

lovable deep voice. "Tonight [illegible] going to be an awfully busy [illegible], so I haven't much time. [illegible] a letter from Shirley of [illegible]—I've got what you [illegible] Shirley. I'll be there. Next [illegible] a message for Samuel of [illegible] Denver—" Samuel, on the [illegible], shouted! John, in his chair, [illegible] bolt upright. The jolly voice [illegible]tinued. "Well, Samuel, I may [illegible] have just what you want, but [illegible]ta won't forget you. Don't [illegible]ry about that. And I have a [illegible] box for John of New Denver, [illegible] (Amy's telegram had asked [illegible] this.) Santa continued his [illegible]ssages, but the two in the front [illegible]m did not hear the rest.

[illegible] Santa got my letter," breathed [illegible]muel exultantly.

"What in the deuce do you know [illegible] a big box?" asked John [illegible]zled.

"I don't know," replied Samuel, "[illegible] you're going to get some[illegible]ng. You wrote a letter too? [illegible] have to go to tell my grand[illegible]other. Goodbye—thank you . . ." [illegible]muel was off.

[illegible]O after supper on Christmas Eve, the lonely, puzzled John [illegible]zed in his chair before the blaz[illegible]g hearth, warm and comfortable, [illegible]hile night shadows fell and snow [illegible]kes softly, silently blanketed [illegible] earth, and Christmas carols [illegible]tly sang filled the room. . . .

. . . Quite audibly a chuckle [illegible]nded by John's ears, a hand [illegible]ched his shoulder. Turning, [illegible] saw in wonder, a plump be[illegible]iskered figure dressed in red. [illegible]nta Claus! . . .

"Well, John, you wanted to see [illegible] with your own eyes. Now you [illegible] me and I've brought that big [illegible] with me. You know, John, [illegible]s Amy had something there [illegible] she said that this would be [illegible] better place if more people [illegible]ld see me. I can be seen every [illegible]istmas, and I've come to re[illegible]d you to forget the year's bit[illegible]ness. Good people believe in [illegible] and a few lucky ones can [illegible] see me. I know what you've [illegible] for Samuel. John, now I'm [illegible] to do something for you. [illegible] you don't want what's in this [illegible], I'm going to give the box to [illegible] Angs down the corner. He'd [illegible] happy."

[illegible] string, Santa took the cover [illegible] big box behind him, and out [illegible] Miss Amy Lowell, smil[illegible] beautiful and adorable.

"Well, John?" asked Santa [illegible] "She won't wait forever. [illegible] John. You've done good [illegible] Samuel. Now instead of remem[illegible] the past, make your future, [illegible] it good enough for [illegible] Do you want her, [illegible]"

[illegible] cried the lonely [illegible] "I need her. I want [illegible] Amy!" With a glad [illegible] Miss Amy was in John's [illegible].

[illegible] log in the fireplace [illegible] popped. John stirred [illegible] Santa was gone. . . .

[illegible] Santa Claus came [illegible] frigid, secret re[illegible] North pushed aside [illegible] Year, and climbed [illegible] huge, toy-filled sleigh. [illegible] whip in the cold [illegible] jovial shout: "Up [illegible] Blazer. Here we go!" [illegible] sleigh rose up [illegible] into the night sky. [illegible] a silvery star and [illegible] the top of his whip [illegible] blazed fiercely; he [illegible] a few more from the [illegible] sky as he sped by, [illegible] them at his, [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] sparkled and [illegible].

After many stops, at many cities, Santa came to Samuel's home.

"Hello, Samuel. I'm busy, so I can't stop long. Here's a package for you. Be a good boy and obey grandmother. My, my, I'm a little behind as it is. So, goodbye, Samuel! I'm away. Ho! Ho!"

And Santa was off again, the bells jingling, his merry laughter echoing in the still night. Goodbye, goodbye, thank you, cried Samuel in his sleep.

IN the wee hours of Christmas morning when no one was stirring, Richard Smythe, a good friend of John Halcomb, crept into the Orchard and left a big package by the Hayakawa door. It was found by Grandmamma later and brought in just when Samuel rose from sleep.

"That's it, Obaachan, that's it, see! There's my name. It's the sleigh. It's the sleigh!" The "Snow Flyer" soon lay open in all its red and gold glory. Obaachan was mystified but Samuel was unconcerned. Santa Claus brought it last night, he said, in calm explanation. Then, in mid-morning he set off to show the sleigh to Mister John and Mrs. Halcomb.

MEANWHILE, Christmas morning at the Halcomb's was tumultous. At early morning Miss Amy burst through the door crying that she had just heard from Richard of what John had done for Samuel, and how miserable she had been Christmas Eve without John, and could John ever forgive her . . . but John was already saying the same thing. Both talked at once, apologizing, blaming himself and herself for the torment. All the sweet protestations, the complex declarations, the eternal avowals of estranged sweethearts making up were enjoyed and the tender scene ended as true love scenes do, with John slipping a diamond ring on Amy's trembling, willing finger. Then John, with Amy perched on the wing of his chair, recounted the story of Santa Claus appearing last night and the big box he had brought. Whereupon Amy went out and brought her Christmas box which on opening revealed a new typewriter for John.

A gay shout interrupted them. Going to the window, Amy saw Samuel outside, gesticulating at his new sleigh.

"I saw Santa Claus—look what he brought me! Did you see him? Did you?" Samuel was walking around in triumphant circles over the new snow drawing his red sleigh. "Tell Mr. John to come and see my sleigh," he shouted.

"Oh, John," whispered Amy, "Samuel doesn't know about you. He wants you to come, and . . . look at his sleigh." Amy looked at John sorrowfully.

John straightened in his chair, then he laughed softly, a quiet laugh with none of the former bitterness [illegible]. Reaching for his cane he rose and Amy helped him to the window.

"Look, Mr. John! my sleigh I got from Santa. I saw Santa Claus!" Samuel again shouted.

"I saw him, too, Samuel," said John in a clear voice. "It's a good sleigh, Samuel. Fine, fine," and John waved his hand.

Miss Amy clutched John's hand murmuring, "dear John, dear John; Samuel is so happy."

It was wonderful, thought Amy. Only people like trusting Samuel could [illegible] Santa as if in life. And people who were good and brave and long suffering like her John. Samuel saw with his [illegible] eyes because he was so young. Little [illegible] saw with the [illegible] eyes of his heart because Lieut. John was totally blind.

THEY stood at the window, Amy watching Samuel push his sleigh out into the road, John content to stand by Amy. Then suddenly several things happened at once. A speeding car came around the corner, skidding the turn, full on Samuel on the road and at the same time the sun burst through the clouds lighting the snow to a brilliant blinding white glare.

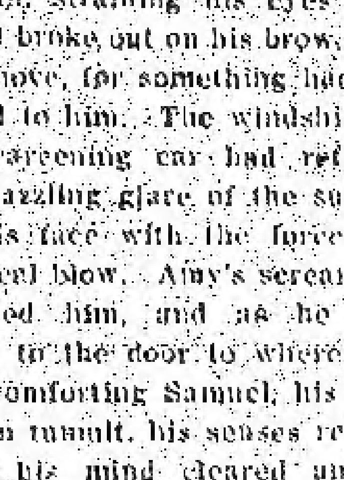
"Look out, Samuel!" screamed Amy, "the car, look out!" Samuel saw the auto in time and jumped off his sleigh, the car missed him but smashed his sleigh against the rocks by the road. The beautiful sleigh cracked and broke. Amy with a cry ran to the door.

John, straining his eyes while sweat broke out on his brow, could not move, for something had happened to him. The windshield of the careening car had reflected the dazzling glare of the sun full on his face with the force of a physical blow. Amy's scream had shocked him, and as he staggered to the door to where Amy was comforting Samuel, his mind was in tumult, his senses reeling. Then his mind cleared and he stood suddenly still. Gone was the utter blackness before his eyes, he had had a flash of white. And now vague shapes and shadows were before his eyes.

"I saw white, I saw white and black," John shouted, "Oh God! Amy! Mother! Samuel! I saw something. I'm beginning to see! I'm beginning to see!"

Amy looked at John, her face showing mingled unbelief and joy, then rushed into John's outstretched arms.

And Samuel stood and looked up at John wrapped in wonder, only half understanding the miracle that had happened. The red sleigh, forgotten and half-buried in the snow, was reflecting the bright Christmas sunshine.



Best Wishes to All My Friends

PTE. JAMES M. MATSUO

c/o Forward Base,
P.W. Division
6 Hungerford St.
Calcutta, India
C.A.O.

H 6125

SGT. HIROSE, H. A.

Advance H.Q., P.O. Division
No 2 Area, Mount Elizabeth
Singapore

HANDWRITING ANALYZED

Start the New Year right by [illegible] all about yourself—your personalities, your most suitable occupation, etc. Free information regarding other personal services. Strictly confidential.

JACK LEE
[illegible]
[illegible]

Mr. and Mrs. T. U. Higashide
東田[illegible]
1535 W. 5th Ave., Vancouver

MISS MAY OWSTON
メー・オーストン
2856 W. 11th Ave., Vancouver

GEORGE O. SHAW
ジオージ・オー・シヨウ
Powell Drug Company
399 Powell St.
Vancouver, B.C.

ESTHER L. RYAN
[illegible]
500 Powell Street
Vancouver, B.C.

VERNON JAPANESE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB
バーノン男女青年會
Vernon, B.C.

REV. KARL HANSEN
カール・ハンセン牧師
New Denver, B.C.

CLARENCE'S MARKET
クラレンス・マーケット
Sumiyo Watanabe Miyeko Sato
Yoneko Kakutani Mickey Sato
Toshio Odamura Hana Kurisu
S. N. Ross

Bay Farm Slocan, B.C.

Rev. & Mrs. W. H. H. Norman
ダブルエチ・ノーマン
5464 Chester St., Vancouver

SADIE A. TAIT
エス・オー・テイト
1306 W. 12th Ave., Vancouver

W. W. LEFEAUX
Barrister
辯護士
ダブル・ダブル・レフオ
837 W. Hastings St.
Vancouver, B.C.

ALBERT H. YOUNG
辯護士
[illegible]
No. 1009 Dominion Bank Bldg.
207 W. Hastings St.
Vancouver, B.C.

KATHERINE LANG
カスリーン・ラング
North Kamloops, B.C.

Merry Christmas
and a
Bright and Happy New Year
To You All

クリスマスと新年を祝す

GUY G. GRAHAM
AND STAFF
Slocan, B.C.

The Compliments of the Season
FROM
Nisei Servicemen
S-20, Ambleside Camp, Hollyburn P.O.
West Vancouver, B.C.

Pte. DICK ADACHI	L. Cpl. ROBT. S. OIKAWA
Pte. KOAZI FUJIKAWA	Pte. JACK T. OKI
Pte. SAD SACK FUJIOKA	Pte. RONALD OKI
Pte. GEORGE HASEGAWA	Pte. RUSTY OKI
L/Cpl. MASAO HYODO	Pte. ART SAKAMOTO
L. Cpl. YOSHIO HYODO	Pte. JOE SATO
Pte. SAICHI IMAI	Pte. TSUTOMU SHIMIZU
Sgt. HARRY INAMASU	Pte. DEUKE SHINTANI
Pte. AKIRA ISEZAKI	Pte. TOM SHOYAMA
Pte. GEORGE M. KADOTA	Pte. LOUIS SUZUKI
Cpl. J. KATO	Pte. GEORGE TANAKA
Pte. TAK KUNITOMO	Pte. X.
Sgt. HARRY MIYAZAWA	Pte. KIYO TASAKA
Pte. GEORGE MASUDA	Pte. JOHN K. TSUCHIYA
Pte. ROGER OBATA	Pte. BUTCH WATANABE
Pte. GREG OHASHI	Cpl. DAVE WATANABE

Pte. JOHN ARAB	Pte. EDDIE NISHIMURA
アラブ・ジヨン	西村武夫
Pte. HARRY A. CURRAN	Pte. MICKEY NOBUTO
[illegible]	延[illegible]正[illegible]
Pte. T. Y. HOSHIZAKI	Pte. KENJI NOZAKI
星崎保[illegible]	野崎[illegible]
Pte. JIMMY INOSE	Pte. MAS ONO
猪瀬ゼームス	大野政男
L. Cpl. KLARK ITO	Pte. TOM SAGARA
伊藤[illegible]男	相良友[illegible]
Pte. KIYOSHI KANEDA	Pte. AKIO JUNIOR SATO
金田清	佐藤[illegible]
Pte. MASAO KAWANAMI	Pte. TAKEO SATO
川[illegible]正[illegible]	佐藤武夫
Pte. H. "NICK" KUNIHIRO	Pte. GEORGE SHINTANI
[illegible]	[illegible]
Pte. K. M. MATSUBUCHI	Pte. TOM YAMASHITA
松[illegible]	山下[illegible]
Pte. KAYZI NISHIO	Pte. MINORU YATABE
西尾[illegible]	[illegible]
W. M. ARAB	DAVID [illegible]
K. BALLARD	[illegible]

Nuptial and Personal Notes

KUSANO—TAKENAKA

WINNIPEG, Man.—St. Stephen's Broadway United Church was the scene of a lovely wedding, December 14 at 6 p.m., when Kanako Kaye, only daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. Rikizo Takenaka, became the bride of Mr. Hisao Henry Kusano, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Hisajiro Kusano of Oak Bluff, Man. Rev. Harold A. Frame officiated.

Mr. Filmer E. Hubble presided at the organ. Preceding the ceremony, Mr. Ronald Dodds, soloist, sang "The Lord's Prayer" and "Because," during the signing of the register.

The bride was attended by Miss Alice Nakauchi and Miss Helen Kusano, sister of the bridegroom, and flower girls Kuni Suzuki and Eiko Kinoshita, niece of the bridegroom. Mr. Fred Kusano was his brother's best man. The ushers were Mr. Douglas Oike and Mr. Tamotsu Mitani. The baishakunins were Mr. and Mrs. Kaname Sato and Mr. and Mrs. Tamotsu Mitani.

The bride, given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Rikio Takenaka, wore a gown of white satin, fashioned with a sweetheart neckline and lily point sleeves, with the softly moulded bodice extending down into a V at the waist. The softly gathered skirt merged into a slight train. Her full length veil, finished with silk thread along the edge, was held by a gardenia. She carried a bouquet of Sweetheart roses.

Miss Alice Nakauchi wore a two-piece gown of shell-pink brocaded satin. The flared skirt featured twin panellings of shirring at the front waist. The jacket blouse was fashioned with a sweetheart neckline and three-quarter length sleeves. Her matching shoulder length veil was held by a white flowered coronet. She carried a bouquet of pink and mauve pompons.

Miss Helen Kusano wore a gown of blush pink sheer, featuring long, flowing sleeves, and a sweetheart neckline trimmed with a double row of silver sequins. The skirt was softly gathered at the waist. Her shoulder length veil was held by a white beaded coronet. Her bouquet was pink and mauve pompons.

The two flower girls were dressed identically in rose taffeta dresses. They carried Colonial bouquets of pink and yellow chrysanthemums.

Following the wedding ceremony, a reception dinner and dance was held at Picardy's salon.

For travelling, the bride donned a tailored dress of deep rose gabardine, over which she wore a brown tuxedo coat. Her hat was a veil-trimmed, dark brown fur felt model. She wore a corsage of Johanna Hill roses.

The couple left for a honeymoon in Regina and Moose Jaw. They will reside in Winnipeg.

The generous donations of Mrs. M. Uchino of Kenora, Ont., and Mr. T. Kawano of Raymond, Alta., are gratefully acknowledged by The New Canadian.

FUKUI—MADOKORO

GREENWOOD, B.C.—A wedding of interest to former Vancouverites took place when Molly Shigeko Madokoro was joined in holy matrimony with Mr. Jim Masaaki Fukui on November 24, here.

Both were well known in the younger set circles in Vancouver. The bride was an active member in the former Vancouver Gakyukai Group.

* * *

KAWANO—EBATA

RAYMOND, Alta.—The wedding of Miyeko, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chuichi Ebata, to Mr. Kaichi Kawano, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Tsunekichi Kawano, was held in the Raymond Buddhist Church on November 21. Rev. S. Ikuta officiated.

Baishakunins were Mr. and Mrs. T. Okamoto and Mr. and Mrs. I. Nishimura.

* * *

FUJIWARA—MORIWAKA

NEW DENVER, BC.—The Presbyterian Church was the setting for the marriage of Tomiko, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Masunojo Moriwaka, to Mr. Toshiyuki Fujiwara, son of Mr. and Mrs. Shuzo Fujiwara, on December 8. Rev. K. Hansen officiated.

* * *

Engagements

RAYMOND, Alta.—The engagement was announced of Miss Hisaye Hayashi, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Yosoya Hayashi, to Mr. Hiromitsu Saito, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Yusuke Saito, on September 22. Baishakunins were Mr. and Mrs. T. Okamoto.

CLARKSON, Ont.—Miss Eileen Toshiko Kamino and Mr. George Y. Suginomori were the principals of the engagement announcement on December 2, at a family gathering here. Baishakunins were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Y. Kimura.

* * *

Births

MAGRATH, Alta.—A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Nobuji Hashimoto of McIntyre Ranch on November 24. Mother and babe reported well.

The New Canadian gratefully acknowledges the generous donation from Mr. and Mrs. Hashimoto commemorating the birth of their son.

NEW DENVER, B.C.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Hamada became the proud parents of a baby boy on December 2.

* * *

Card of Thanks

I EXTEND my sincere thanks to the people of Kaslo for many courtesies and kindnesses in making my stay at that centre a pleasant one. I also wish to thank my many friends for gifts given me at the time of my departure.

AKIRA TAJIRI,
60 St. Patrick St.
Toronto, Ont.

* * *

DICK MITSUNAGA wishes to inform his friends that he is now residing at Hurtig Sawmills Ltd. Camp No. 3, Mariaggi Hotel, Port Arthur, Ont. He extends his best wishes to the St. Pierre Nippons Baseball players.

Winnipeg Niseiettes Active in Vital Missionary Work

WINNIPEG, Man. — The Nisei girls Mission Circle met on December 16, at the Y.W.C.A. for the second meeting of the season. An election of officers was held resulting in the re-election of Alice Nakauchi as president and Edna Fujii as vice-president. The newly elected officers are: Rosa Tukatsu, secretary-treasurer; Katherine Fujii, supply secretary; Elsie Sasaki, social convenor.

The Mission Circle, formed last January, is again under the leadership and guidance of Mrs. Merle Wilson. The group consists of Christian Nisei girls and is affiliated with the Winnipeg Presbytery of the Women's Mission Society of the United Church. As the name suggests, the group is interested in the missions work of the United Church, and will continue its work of making and supplying vitally needed materials and clothing for some United Church home or foreign mission. At the same time, the girls will continue last year's highly successful social program of entertaining and visiting other Mission Circle groups in the city.

The next meeting is scheduled for 6:30 p.m., Thursday, January 17, at the Y.W.C.A. All members and girls interested in this project are invited to attend.

B.C. Girls' Club

HAMILTON, Ont.—Tomi Mizusawa was elected to lead the B.C. Girls' Club through the 1945-46 term in an election held recently. Others on the executive are: Chiyo Hyodo, past president; Tama Deshima, vice-president; Betty Shinohara, secretary; Michi Ide, treasurer; Dickie Sada, program convenor; Mune Arikado, social convenor; Hiroko Sada, Abbie Murase, Susie Onishi, assistant convenors; Tomi Mizusawa, council representative; Miss Eleanor Anderson and Miss Jean Moore, advisory committee.

OBITUARIES

KATSUMI ROBERT UNO

NEW DENVER, B.C. — The death is reported of Katsumi "Bob" Uno, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Kosaburo Uno of New Denver, formerly of Fairview, Vancouver, B.C., on December 6, in the New Denver Sanatorium. Final funeral services were held on December 13 with Rev. T. Komiyama officiating.

MAKOTO JACK SHIGEHIRO

PICTURE BUTTE, Alta.—Makoto Jack Shigehiro, formerly of Mission City, B.C., passed away at Lethbridge Hospital on October 28.

Final funeral rites were held at the Picture Butte Bukkyokai on October 31. Rev. Kawamura officiated.

Cremation followed at Calgary Crematorium. The deceased was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Shigehiro.

J.C.C.D. FROLIC CANCELLED

The New Year's Frolic sponsored by the Toronto Japanese Canadian Committee for Democracy in honor of [illegible] which was to be held on New Year's eve at the Odd Fellow's Hall in Toronto, has been cancelled.

SO-PHY-ED CLUB

3rd Annual Dance

Y.M.C.A. Upper Gym
Hamilton, Ont.

Saturday, December 29, 1945
8.30 p.m.

Dress — Optional

Ladies 50c Gents 75c

RELOCEE RECORD

The following is the detailed list of relocees who left B.C. during the month of November:

TORONTO, Ont.

Arthur Kajoto and Susuke Okazaki, Okanagan Centre. Yukio Ode, Vernon. Shizu Shigeyoshi, Kelowna. Masayoshi Sugie, Westbank. Takeshi, Kaoru, Shizuo and Masaye Hashimoto, Seki Fujimoto and three minors, Greenwood. Masato Adachi, New Denver. Akira Ronald Tajiri, Kaslo.

SUMMERVILLE HOSTEL, Ont.

Dick Shiro Yoshy, Okanagan Centre. Isamu, Yotaro, Toyoko, Miyoko, Akira, Hiroshi Kayama and two minors, Monte Lake. Hideko and Mitsuko Suyehiro and two minors, Iwao Thomas Morita, Kazuo Shimizu, Yoshio Sugiyama, Shimako Yoshiki and three minors, Kenzo Mori, Isao Mori, Saburo Hayashi, Sadao Matsuba, Robert Yoshiki, Sayo Maeda, Kelowna. Kioko and Masao Kuwabara and four minors, Kaslo.

OTHER ONTARIO CENTRES

FORT CREDIT — Ritaqu [illegible], Monte Lake. Tadashi Murano [illegible]nori Masaki, Tappen. Toshik[illegible] Hufuzo Inouye, Kelowna. Yoshi[illegible] Taylor Lake. LONDON—Te[illegible] Masako Fukushima and two [illegible] Monte Lake. BEAMSVILLE—[illegible] Shigeyoshi, Kelowna.

LEAMINGTON — Toshio and [illegible] Yamada, Tsunehei and Walter [illegible] Yoshie and Taka Yamashita, K[illegible] LAKEVIEW — Tokusuke, Kiedi and Satsu Yoshiki, Kelowna. [illegible]TON — Margaret Morita, [illegible] Tomoni, Kirk Kawamoto, Gree[illegible] NEYS — Noboru Sakanashi, [illegible] MIMICO—Yasukazu and Kin [illegible]bara, Slocan. Mariko Shiyeda [illegible] Denver. FORT WILLIAM—K[illegible] Fukuichi Hoshizaki, Slocan. [illegible]TON—Mrs. Tsune Teramoto [illegible] minors, Kaslo.

MONTREAL, P.Q.

Yoshiko Atagi, Atagi, Vernon. [illegible]oshi Kobayashi, Akira Ma[illegible] Lumby. Shoji Nakashima, Nort[illegible] Komei Konishi, Grand Forks. [illegible] Matsuura; Toshiko Muramatsu, [illegible]su Yamamoto, New Denver.

WINNIPEG, Man.—Hayiya [illegible] Magna Bay.

B.C. Girls' Club

Hamilton, Ont.

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門 永 功
KAZUO KADONAGA
同 和 進
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Hamilton, Ont.

TAD NAGAO
600½ Barton St. E.
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KAZUYE SADA .... 36 Charlton Ave. W.
FUMIO SAKIMOTO .... Edwards Hall, McMaster U.
ED SASAKI .... 316 Hunter St. E.
MARY SHIMIZU .... Hamilton, Ont.
JEAN SHINTANI .... [illegible] McNab St. N.
KUMIKO SHIBAYA .... [illegible] Park St. S.
MARY TAKASHIMA .... [illegible] McNab St. N.
HAROLD TAKAYESU .... [illegible] James St. N.
MR. & MRS. J. S. TAKAYESU .... [illegible] Avenue Ave. N.
KIMI, [illegible] and [illegible] TANAKA .... [illegible] John St. N.
[illegible] TAKIMOTO .... [illegible] Hunter E.
[illegible] UYENAKA .... [illegible]

R. GERALD SAMPSON

Advocate and Barrister

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アールゼラードサムソン

Telephones
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] Cathcart St.
Montreal 2, Que.

Vol. VIII, Nos. 54 and 55 THE NEW CANADIAN Christmas, 1945

We Salute the Niseis of the Year

The eagerness with which the Nisels responded to the call to duty when bars against their enlistment was partially lifted this spring has demonstrated more clearly than any other fact that they are truly Canadians.

The picture, taken early this summer, shows a group of these boys at the time they were training in Brantford, Ontario, as part of the No. 17 "B" Company, Canadian Army.

Top Row—Matsui, R.; Miyazawa, H.; Oki, K. R., Nikaido, S.; Sato, J.; Goto, J.; Arikado, M.; Ito, K.; Kadota, G. M.; One, S.; Oikawa, S.; Kaneda, K.; Fujikawa, K.; Ono, M.; Obata, R.

Third Row—Hasegawa, G.; Kunitomo, T.; Yamashita, T.; Sato, A.; Kawanami, M.; Watanabe, D.; Tasaka, K.; Oki, Y.; Yatabe, M.; Hyodo, Y.; Tonegawa, P.; Ode, T.; Sakamoto, A.; Ohashi, G.; Inose, J.; Kunihiro, H.

Second Row—Masuda, G.; Hyodo, M.; Tsuchia, K.; Nishio, K.; Shimizu, T.; Suzuki, L.; Goto, K.; Watanabe, J.; Kitagawa, K.; Nishimura, T.; Nozaki, K.; Shitani, G.; Matsubuchi, K.; Adachi, Y.

Front Row—Fujioka, K. Yatabe, E.; Ito, R.; Nobuto, M.; L/Cpl. Sawyer, E. R.; Sgt. Johnstone, G.; Lieut. Marion, J.; Maj. N. C. Bucknan, M.M.; Capt. Henry, H. B.; Sgt. Maj. W. Mitchell, M.M.; Cpl. Clare, E.; L/Cpl. Mullen, E. S.; Kato, K.; Oki, T. J.

White Christmas

A Reverie

By Katie Oyama and collaborators

SNOW . . . pure and white, swirling and twisting, drifting and gliding in a wild mysterious dance . . . now lingering, now falling . . .

The night breathes softly. And above, between the rent in the heavy clouds, a clear peaceful sky shows through, studded with glittering stars, and the moon casts a ghastly shadow on the other side of the clouds . . . its light barely penetrating and [illegible] clouds and the falling snow . . .

The white fields lie bare, and its wide expanse seems to cry out in protest at trespassing footprints that trace meaningless patterns across the white stretches . . .

The trees stand straight and silent, draped in white like holy sisters standing in reverence and adoration.

Till the silence of the night is broken by the shrill pealing laughter of children at play . . . It's Christmas! And from the house on the hill silhouetted against the whiteness beyond, the cheerful noise and the music grows louder . . .

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
Just like the ones we used to know . . .

Like the ones we used to know . . . Remember? A long long time ago, when all of us were together. Mother and dad, and all the uncles and aunts. And the kids with all their friends. The good and the closest friends. And you and I . . .

Remember how much fun the children were. They never stopped singing, never stopped making a noise.

I bet people passing outside thought it was a madhouse. But who stopped to think about that. It was Christmas. And it was fun, it was good. You wanted to laugh about nothing because you felt so good. The children were full of enthusiasm, asking questions, showing-off their toys, and playing about the Christmas tree. The older people were not much better, as they littered the floor with papers and orange peels, and laughed at foolish jokes.

IT WAS a grand dinner. Dad was proud of the fine turkey. He said his grace in a hurry because he knew the children were waiting and could not sit still through a long grace. So he had to cut it short. And he started carving as the children looked on in wonder. He carved as though carving was the most important ceremony at Christmas time, and nobody could perform it as well as he. He did it like a master, while we looked on in admiration. Deft movements slicing here, and slicing there. Dark meat? White meat? To each person according to taste, heaping plates, even to the youngest. How could the children eat so much and not get sick?

PERHAPS it was the wine I had that made me so bold. Sis wanted to monopolize you, but I wouldn't let her. When we played games I slipped into the chair beside you, and found I could not concentrate because you were so near . . .

And later I wanted to show you something. I wanted to show you what I could do with the alphabet blocks, and all I did was arrange them with my clumsy hands so they spelled "I love you . . ." And then scattered them hurriedly. Did you read it? You looked at me with big wondering eyes . . . And it may have been only my imagination that made me think you were blushing.

I didn't know you could have so much fun over silly card games. I think you call it "Donkey," where you pass the cards around, fast, and when you get a set you put them down quietly so no one would find out, and the last person to lay down the cards would be the donkey, and has to pay a forfeit like sing a song, or tell a joke, or do something foolish.

And when you became "it" Sis wanted you to stand on your head. You were so embarrassed, and I wanted to kick Sis in the shins, but she moved her feet away. She must have seen me looking angrily towards her. Then Sis, like a tomboy, said she'd show you how, and tucked up her dress around the thigh, so it wouldn't come down. And you standing there not knowing what to do. Then I told Sis to cut it out, and you looked at me gratefully, and I pretended not to notice it. So we decided to let you off with an easier forfeit . . .

WITH mother at the piano and the rest of us gathered around, the lights turned low, we sang all the Christmas carols that we knew. And when we sang "Silent Night," we broke into our parts because that was the song we had to sing in the choir. And I noticed then how lovely your voice was as you sang the melody . . . And Sis looked so priggish singing her alto that I couldn't help giving her a dig in the ribs which sent her into giggles. For it was lots of fun, and I sang my tenor section with a clear strong voice and hoped you noticed how well my voice harmonized with yours . . . And I noticed how radiant all the faces were . . .

THE evening passed so swiftly. Before we knew it dad was fast asleep on the sofa . . . that happens every year . . . and baby was trying to climb on his stomach. Dad was grunting a little when Mother had to wake him up because it was time to take you and the other kids home. It really wasn't late at all . . . but Mother said parents might worry. I didn't like the way you went and got your hat and coat, like you were glad to leave. Because I wasn't glad to see you go, and I wanted you to feel the way I did. So while we were waiting for Dad to get the sleigh ready, I picked up Rover who started barking excitedly, and took him to you, but you wouldn't carry him. So I stood there carrying Rover and feeling a little embarrassed. Then Dad came back, and we rushed out to climb into the sleigh.

My eyes kept following you. Sis had sense enough to know that I wanted to sit beside you . . . it was about time she got sensible. So Sis waited for me to get in and sit beside you, and Sis started giggling with the other kids behind us. The night was chilly, but the snow had stopped falling. And the old horse [illegible] up the clean snow. Father called "Giddup" and cracked his whip, the sleigh jerked and we went skidding into the starlit night. The bells started to jingle excitedly. The night wind was chilly against our flushed faces, and I felt your body cuddling up to me . . . I held your hands, and you didn't mind. I was happy, and we sang and sang until our voices became hoarse, and still we kept singing. And *nobody* suspected I was singing so loud [illegible] I was happy and holding your hands.

. . . That was a white Christmas, and [illegible] have clung to me through these long years . . . I shall never forget the crazy joy of that ride [illegible]

. . . That's why it struck me so [illegible] when I received your Christmas card, and it had a picture of a snow covered field, and [illegible] and the moon shining on the other side of the clouds.

May your days be merry and bright,
And may all your Christmases be white . . .

Thanks ever so much for the wish . . . And I hope your Christmas will be happy too, where you are . . . I hope you are happy, and think of me a little. Christmas like the ones we used to know . . . Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

Season's Greetings

Mr. and Mrs. T. Onotera
P.O. Box 70
Neepawa Manitoba

SEIICHIRO TONOGAI
HISAKO TONOGAI
Whitemouth, Man.

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Tsuruyo Oka
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KATSU IGUCHI
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HOLIDAY GREETINGS FROM
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London Japanese Canadian Group
Y.M.C.A., London, Ont.

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TAKAKO NAGATA	54 Talbot St.
AKI SAKAI	16 Wellington St.
YOSHIKO TANABE	516 Wellington St.
MARIKO TOKUNAGA	317 Wolfe St.
J. JOHN KUMAGAI	120 Cavendish St.
MARY MURAKAMI	199 St. James St.
ROY KUMANO	464 Talbot St.
TAM OZAKI	211 Clarence St.
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BLACKIE OKUNO	389½ Ridout St.
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NICK NOSUYE	240 King St.
ART OBOKATA	11 Clarence St.

May the Circle of Good Cheer
Be Merry, Gay and Wide

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Sueo Hayashi	Harry Osaka
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Lanky Kadonaga	Hiro Saito
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Atlas Lumber Company
Camp 9
Rocky Mountain House, Alta.

My Life Is My Own, Mother . . .

a short story by t.m.k.

A MAN'S life is his own, don't you think? . . . and the decisions his responsibility."

After saying which Mari became meditative, leaning forward on the hard park bench to survey her shoes. Not that they were of any interest, but they were a focal point. Circling the park were the dark outlines of buildings, whose windows reflected dully the dim street lights. The young man sitting beside her had his feet somewhat apart but planted firmly on the ground. He was biggish, but you couldn't tell how tall until he stood up. At the moment he was concentrating on his cigarette, dragging deeply while the red tip glowed in the night.

What's his name? That isn't important. He was applying Mari's words to his own life, but the analysis wasn't conclusive enough for him. On the surface it would seem his life was his own, living alone as he did in this metropolis, getting ahead with his work. Nevertheless he knew, and he suspected Mari of knowing, that his independence was not quite complete. He had news tonight that would jar their companionship, and he debated the wisdom of sharing it with the one girl he preferred above others. Unconsciously he sighed. Mari turned to him with a questioning glance.

"I know you're right, Mari. A man's life should be his own . . . but what of his obligations to the family? To what extent are they legitimate? I mean to say, most Issei parents expect a return for their sacrifices or they just take it for granted that the old customs still hold with us. They take it pretty hard when we tell them we won't be ruled by them all the time. Sometimes it breaks up a family. Look what happened to Dick because he took the engineering course when his mother wanted him to be a doctor. Look at poor old Tad sweating away at medicine when his heart's in radio. I'm thankful I'm in what I like without much fuss."

"It's been worse for the young women."

"I guess so. You got away, though."

"I did."

A ruminative silence followed Mari's flat reply.

"Tell me, Mari . . . would you marry without your parents' consent?"

"That would depend . . . what makes you ask that?"

"Your mother's rather broad-minded that way, isn't she?"

"As long as the relatives don't pile on to her, she's pretty fair in most things. She protests more for form's sake than for any real objection. When I positively refused to consider a proposal my aunt brought when I was eighteen, Mom scolded me for being impertinent but she thanked Auntie and said 'no' for me. I laugh now to remember how hot and angry I was. I think I was scared, too."

"I remember the fellow you mean. My mother . . ."

As he did not continue, Mari prodded him:

"Go on, what did your mother say? That I was a hussy, a girl a so-and-so, and what were girls coming to . . . etc. . . . etc."

They both laughed aloud. He added:

"I didn't know you then, but I liked your nerve."

An upward glance from her teased him. Caught in the light intimacy of the moment, he told her; that is, it slipped out of him:

"I got a letter from mother."

"Oh? is that special . . . ?"

He hesitated for a minute, then went on:

"She wants me to marry."

The pulse in Mari's throat jumped, but at the same time she felt a faint stir of premonition. He was conscious of the tension which speeded up his own heartbeats. Now they were acutely aware of a crisis in their relationship. He ground his cigarette underfoot, and abruptly stood up, pulling Mari with him:

"Let's walk, Mari."

They began to walk, immersed in thought. Block after block they left behind, passing into the suburban districts. He was looking back into a past he had tried to forget . . .

He was seventeen, reserved where his brothers were boisterous. Sachi, in the same class, was little, as pretty as a doll . . . so he thought at the time. They walked home together sometimes, and he held her hand shyly, not knowing how else to express an inarticulate ecstacy in her presence, just in the thought of her. His mother saw him one day, and what happened then he could not forget. His mother had stripped him with scathing remarks, with renunciations that left in him a bruise of ugliness and shame. His mother had stormed at the poor girl's parents, affronted them sorely. The scars of that humiliation still rankled within him. Thereafter, to prevent further injury to his sensitivity and pride he had not bothered with girls in general. Not till he met Mari . . . ah, Mari!

They had come to a stone bridge over a turgid stream. Now, they leaned over the parapet, looking down into a darkness that hid the water. Traffic swelled behind them, but they heard it not. The sound of passing voices left no echo to disturb them.

Mari was busy with her own cogitations, weighing her ambitions to see how they balanced with marriage. She was fairly sure, in fact she was positive, that his mother had picked a most "suitable" person, a person definitely not herself, not Mari. She knew the drift of these months of friendly arguing and going together. She felt in him a forcefulness to match her own, a richness of understanding which she appreciated for its rarity. And, she loved him, simply, whole-heartedly. However, there was that kink in him, a withdrawal that puzzled her, though she partly guessed the cause.

Other young couples she knew went through the same sort of trouble. It was either you appeased your parents and put away your dreams or had your own way and took the consequences. Probably, she thought, he has reason to worry. *His mother is such a domineering sort.*

"What are you going to do?" she asked without turning.

"I don't know . . . one of two things . . ."

"What do you *want* to do?"

"I want to marry *you*."

She almost missed the significance of his words, so engrossed was she in wondering whether he would withstand the impact of his mother's stubborn will. But then, he had moved closer, had put his big, capable-looking hands over hers possessively. She looked up slowly, her piquant face lighting in a glad comprehension.

"I want to marry you," he repeated with quiet emphasis.

"Oh."

It wasn't a question, it wasn't an exclamation. It was a breathless sound that caught in her throat. Happiness was a flame in her heart. He, too, felt the pulse of his manhood beat a stronger, steadier rhythm.

HE had left that particular letter from his mother unanswered. Several weeks later he received another, this time requesting his most recent photograph, if he had one, to get one if he hadn't, to present to the go-betweens. Impatiently he crumpled up the letter to throw away. However he didn't, because he realized that there was no getting away from a necessity to put a stop to his mother's plans. A scowl flitted over his features, showing plainly the

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田中 [illegible]
[illegible]
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R.R. No. 3 Chatham, Ont.

[illegible]

sharp reluctance he had for the job. Why couldn't he be left alone!

Carefully smoothing out the winkles he re-read the letter before placing it on the desk beside his bed. Still scowling he it a cigarette, and with smoke whirls about his head, rummaged among his books for letter paper.

Three smokes later he still hadn't written a tactful letter. He was trying to think of some way of circumventing his mother's intense displeasure, should she be deprived of the satisfaction of choosing a daughter-in-law to her liking. As for Mari, any mention of her would raise the hackles on his mother's back, for that kind of a girl had always been the butt of her sarcasms.

At length he gave up, and dashed off a note telling his mother bluntly that his life was his own and that he had chosen his own wife. Then he waited for the storm to break over his head.

It did.

Came an air-mailed tirade against his ingratitude, the shamelessness of modern girls, who defied custom and maidenliness. It demanded that he return at once to the family fold, e was taking advantage of the imes. She threatened disinheritance, demanded obedience such as he had hitherto given, pleaded consideration for her old age, enumerated her many sacrifices, and as a grand finale she cried know if he had been seduced. exhausted him.

He couldn't tell Mari. He dreaded the return of his old humiliation. He knew a compelling urgency to ward off the ost of his young, sensitive self. ow he was seventeen, naked to s mother's scorn . . . . now he s twenty-eight resolute and e. He alternated between oods till Mari saw the strain at showed in his eyes. A viot hate for his mother surged rough her being. She longed help him, to talk it out but his ifence tied her tongue.

It was difficult to watch the uggle that sabotaged sleep and ner. His natural strength ame tangled with the old fears d doubts; his mother's familiar l shadowed his new independe.

Anguish laced her days.

* * *

NE night, as they stood side by side on the Bluffs overking the Lake, she couldn't it asking:

Can't you just tell her, and ve it at that?"

No."

Why not?"

She wouldn't leave it 'at that.' 'd go ahead with her arrangets. She'd go far enough to e it extremely awkward for

"Do you know the girl?"

"No, I don't."

"You couldn't write to *her!*"

But even as she spoke the childishness of the suggestion was apparent.

"Perhaps I'll have to go home and tell mother face to face. Letters are no good for this sort of thing."

"How do you know you mightn't be married off before you knew what happened, if you go back there?"

She was half-joking, but at her flippant words another fear leaped high in him. How well he knew the clever manouvers his mother could use to get him trapped in a corner! He'd never be able to talk fast enough against the unceasing flow of his mother's reproaches, arguments, tears. He couldn't cope with that.

"Mari . . . let's get married at once . . ."

". . . so you'd have a 'fait accompli' to present to your mother? Isn't that rather . . ."

". . . cowardly!" he finished for her bitterly.

"Don't take it so hard! You don't want any regrets about us!"

"A man . . . his own life . . . his decisions . . . I know all that. I know it, yet I'm afraid."

"Of what?"

"A lot of things. We could block mother if we married at once, yet that wouldn't stop mother from making you miserable. She'd be sure to offend your people. Gosh, I'd hate that!"

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am. Oh I know it sounds bad, me talking like this but I know mother."

"Just exactly what might she do, or say?"

She shivered nervously . . . She had a thought, and to express it might do more harm than good. She wished she knew which.

The moon had cut a shimmering path over the lake, making moonbeams to scintillate below them. The serenity of the scene contrasted painfully with the turmoil of her thoughts.

"Would she say an untruth about me?" she continued, laying her hand gently on his arm.

His muscles rippled under her touch, and he slipped his left arm around her waist. She put her cheek to the rough tweed of his coat, wishing she didn't have to say what she must.

"What, for instance, Mari?"

". . . that you *had* to marry me?"

His arm tightened suddenly but he was silent. Mari looked up into his face to see his jaw grow taut. The last part of his mother's letter had flashed across his mind. His fear faced him squarely and only a resolute decision would vanquish it. He cursed his inadequacy to reassure Mari on that score. *Mother . . . mother . . . what have you done to me!* His pride, his self-respect, his integrity were impeached by the fear which proved to be no protection at all. He had preserved his self-respect through fear of consequences. Now he knew that he had not trusted his own integrity. That Mari had to ask such a question slashed at his pride.

What a fool . . . an utter fool he was!

Now an angry tide washed over him. It was anger at himself, at his own weakness. As waves of self-loathing swept over him, he held Mari closer, suffering his self-revelation until gradually the torment eased out of him. Only then did he feel clean of the last shreds of doubts.

He saw his mother as she really was, not a tyrant, but a hard-working woman who had gone without much to give her sons a good education; who had, with her limited understanding of the younger generation, ruled them by the stiff precepts of her own; who would have been surprised had she been confronted with her own frustrations. Poor mother! For the first time he felt a profound gratitude for her sacrifices, a gratitude unmixed with the unwillingness of his former days. He could tell her his decisions now, in the kindest way possible, but she would realize the finality of his choice, the inviolability of his life.

Mari's question must be answered. There was relief and fresh confidence in his voice, a vibrant power.

"No she won't. No one will say I had to marry you. I *want* to, though . . . and pretty soon at that."

Gently he pulled her around and with his free hand tilted her face to the moon. A soft light illumined her features, making mysterious pools of her eyes. She didn't speak. She put her hands up to his head bending it toward her that he might see the radiance kindling in her, quickening all her senses.

"Oh, Mari! . . . Mari! . . . you're everything I want . . . everything!"

Tenderness, desire, adoration went spinning through him, intoxicating him till his soul surrendered to rapture.

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散在政策と日系人問題解決

オンタリオ州定住斡旋係　デー・イー・ツルーマン

戰爭擾亂よりの戰爭移動が行はれた戰前からすれば散在によつて日系カナダ人問題を解決するといふ政府の方策には常に賛成であつた。ビーシー州に於ける日本人に對する反感は日本人其ものに對するものではなくして彼等が一地域に集結しすぎて居た——ビーシー州内の日本人の三分の一は晩市内に居[illegible]の九〇パーセントまでは晩市内と其近郊に居住してゐたといふ事實に對してゞあつたと云ふ事は問題を研究した者の誰もが到達する一致の意見である。

多數の異つた人種の者が居り多くの異つた言語を使用する時先づ恐れを起させ次いで疑惑を生ずるのは極めて自然な事であつて其結果は太平洋戰爭勃發と共に總移動となつたのである。屢々云はれたやうに若しもトラブルの原因が集結であつたならば問題解決が散在にある事は當然の理である。心ある日本人自身も之を認めてゐる。オンタリオやケベックの新しき環境に一年以上住んだ者で「ビーシー州沿岸にはもう歸りたくない」と言はない者に私はまだ會つた事がない。斯うした多くの人々に[illegible]してゐる私は、ロッキー以西に居る多數の人が東行を躊躇してゐる事を理解するに苦しむのである。彼らは事業の關係このみに注意を向けて良い方面には目を向けないのであらう。

◇

とは云へ私は、彼らの直面してゐる困難が大なるものである事を否定するものではない。太平洋戰は九月二日以來終結したとは云へ之等の困難は不幸にして未だ存在してゐる。多くの最良の仕事口は日本人には門戸をとざして居るし住居、農園、事業をなす場所の購入は禁じられをり、營業ライセンスは得られないし、旅行パーミットは未だに必要とされてゐる。だが、之らの制束があるにも拘らず東部に來た者の多くが立派にやつて居るといふ事は不思議な位である。一般的に見て、東部に來て居る三千餘人の再定住者達は最惡の事態を最善に化してゐると云へるのである。夫らの事實に就ては必要とあらば一々之を指摘出來る。

日本人に對する疑惑はまだ[illegible]強いとは云へ、西洋人は彼らの子女の宗教、教育の事をさへ日系二世に委ねてゐる。教師訓練所を出て教職についてゐる者はまだ二名しかないが、少くとも三人のガールは市民學校の教師をつとめ、六七人の男女はボーイスカウトやガールガイドの指導者をつとめ、もつと多數の者はサンデースクールを教へてゐる。昨夏には二人のガールはキャンプ・リーダーとして働いたし一人の二世ガールは[illegible]に二年餘りも勤めてゐる。二世ガールの一人は教會で重要地位に就いてゐた西洋婦人が他の都市へ移つた時其代りにすゑられた。之らの色々の仕事をしてゐる二世達は、日系人のグループだけを指導してゐるのではなくて加奈陀人總てを含んだ子供のグループを導いてゐるのだといふ點を注目しなければならぬ。之は、東部に於ては少くとも再定住者の或者は既に人種の障壁を突破して皮膚の色や祖先の如何を問はず平等に尊敬されてゐると云ふ事を物語るものである。

最初から我々の直面した最も困難なる仕事の一つは會社なり個人の所に働く二世の一般公衆との接觸關係の事であつたが、之も漸次其の障害を除去し得てゐる。一人の二世ガールは加奈陀内でも最も有名なドレス・ショップの一つで既に數ケ月も賣子として働いてゐるし、もう一人は歯科醫の所でナースを勤めてゐる。大きなラヂオ店で二年以上も働いて居るボーイもあるし、ラヂオや自轉車修繕、配達係など絶えず公衆に接する仕事に從事して居る者も相當ある。今日迄のところ不快な思ひをさせられたのは二回だけしかないときいてゐる。日系人に對する偏見はグループ全體に對することであつて、一旦就職しさへすれば個人的には殆どない事が判る。

トロント市内の最良の歌手に拔きんで、市内の大教會の一つでソプラノ・ソロイストの主席に就いて居る二世ガールがあるが、彼女は毎週五十名以上の音樂の生徒を持つてゐると云ふ。ボーイの方でも既に長い間教會の西部合奏に加はつて居る。

人種的障壁を打破したもつと有力な實證は、カナディアンが就働して居る所でフォーマン格はスーパーヴァイザーとして勤めて居る二世が數人居ると云ふ點である。就働者の中には狭量な者が居て日系人から命令されるのはイヤだと云ふ者があるが大部分の者はそんな事は意に介してゐない。約六ケ月前に一人の男が「日系二世から監督されて働くなんて腑甲斐がわるい」と私のオフィスへどなり込んで來た事があるが、會社側では人種的差別はせぬと云ふ方針を持してゐるので此二世は依然として其地位を續けて居り、抗議して來た男は雜誌を賣り歩いて生活して居る。一人の二世は其會社の就働者が組織して居る勞働組合の會長に他は幹事に選出されてゐる。

實際に成功してゐる色々な事例を擧げる事も出來る。一人の二世ボーイは二年程前に、餘り氣乘はしなかつたが種苗園の仕事に就いた。雇主は彼を好いて、種苗園經營を生涯の仕事にしたら何うかと勸めたので彼も其の氣になり近くの園藝學校で短期間の講習を受け今では事實上ビズネスを運營して居る。最近彼の雇主は彼のためにハウスを建てゝやつたので彼は家族を呼寄せた。移動前にビーシー州でラヂオ店を經營してゐた二世で二年位前に東部へ來た者がある。彼は最初ラヂオ店に働いて週給二十弗を受けた。六ケ月たゝぬうちに彼は其店の修繕部の仕事に就いて週給四十弗に上り其上に契約前の標準以上にボーナスが附加した分には五パーセントのボーナスを受けた。斯うして働いてゐる間にも彼は夜分に泊つてゐる[illegible]リング・ハウスのマネージメントでエレクトリック・グラモフォン・モーター工作の計畫に[illegible]た。計畫が熟して工場が手に入ると共に彼は自ら社長となつて會社を組織した。此會社は目下三十人を雇傭してゐるが、生産は急速に増加して工場は忽ち手狭となつたので新しい大きな場所へ移る事になつてゐる。

◇

斯うした例はまだ幾らでも擧げる事ができるが要するに既に東部に再定住して居る者はまだビーシー州の政府居住地に居る者よりも多くの機會を得てゐるのである。東部に來て居る者だからとて何も特別にすぐれてゐると云ふ譯でもあるまい。就職に當つて最初から無暗と理想的な好い條件を望むのは間違ひである。「恥かしくない」仕事で生活出來る賃金を得るのであつたら何んな仕事にでも受諾して勤勉と協力を旨として働き、身勝手だと非難される事を避けるために出來るだけ辛抱し、其間に事情を調べて自分に最も適したものは何であるかをきめる事にせよ」と云ふのが私の口癖であつたが今でも之をすゝめて居る。

機會の到來といふ事は重要な事であるが、最良の仕事口は既にとられて了つて居ると云ふのは事實ではない。此地域だけでも日本人が全然居ない町や都市が少くても四五十はある。最初人々から奇異の目を以て見られたからとて恐れる事はない。そんな事はすぐになくなつて、軈て人々はファーストネームで呼ぶやうになるであらう

が、夫は[illegible]の[illegible]である。[illegible]ナダ人は正當な[illegible]の下で此新[illegible]を持ち丁[illegible]すべきである。彼らは不[illegible]行はれるのを[illegible]するもの[illegible]いのである。[illegible]日本人の[illegible]思きまでに[illegible]したもの[illegible]に就くのを[illegible]する[illegible]があ[illegible]たんな[illegible]をつて[illegible]から[illegible]つた者はない。[illegible]する以前に於ては東部[illegible]の[illegible]は[illegible]計劃へ[illegible]つある。例へば今村[illegible]族だけでも三十四組の[illegible]人の[illegible]があつた。[illegible]條件も。政府の[illegible]て行くのと日系人に對する[illegible]が除去されて行くに[illegible]されてゐない。東部に於ける[illegible]住者の[illegible]は[illegible]處から來る者のために[illegible]れてゐる。一應[illegible]成し得る譯である。[illegible]自分自身で、[illegible]職を、政府の[illegible]ロッキーを越えて東部[illegible]氣を決[illegible]ある[illegible]する所あるのである。

SUMMERVILLE HOSTEL

サマーヴィルのホステル

◇オンタリオ州への再定住者の一時的居所に充てられてゐる聯政府勞働省のサマーヴィル・ホステルはトロント市の西約六哩に在る。家の前はハイウエーでバスの停留所になつてゐるトロントへは三十分で行ける。

◇家は寢室十一の外にパーラー、食堂、ケッチンがあり食堂は一度に四十人位入れる。十二月中旬の居住者は十二家族で三十數名、五六名の學童は一哩半離れてゐるテッキーの學校に通學してゐる。

◇就職口に關してはトロント事務所の[illegible]ン氏等が斡旋してくれホステルにも西人の事務員が居て世話してゐる。

西田　[illegible]　太　[illegible]
[illegible]　Kingston, Ont.
島　島　島　[illegible]　二
[illegible]
永田　[illegible]　三　家内　[illegible]
London, Ont.
砂[illegible]　家内　主　[illegible]
London, Ont.

日本へ行くといふ一青年に

井手小四郎

（一）

一 一君

戦敗第一年の新春を迎へ、君の郷村行も近づいてお目出度い限りである。ところが戦敗の君は敗戦日本のみじめさを識るにつけ、日後はさうなるものか——と嘆息をもらしてゐるやうだが、私はさほど悲観もせず恰度君の新への途である様だ。——といつて君が日本に帰れる訳でもないが、春秋に富む君なぞでは新興日本に生き甲斐ある働きができる事を羨しく思つてる程だ。或る程度敗戦日本の民衆の生活と云ふものは我等の想像以上に惨苦を極めたものであらうが、他の一面に於て曩る所なき迷へる羊であつた日本民衆は漸く前一段階の迷執を断たれ、比較的ではあるが自身の道を進む事が出来る様になつた事や、空爆下に神風を吹かす、権力の重大さは勿論だが、権力の一點張ではどうにもならない事など、浸めば浸む程限りなき教訓をうけた事は、今後の生活に、それを生かす事に依つて幸ひであるとも云へる。

一 一君

定給へ、必ず聡明なる日本青年は起ち上るだらう。それは戦争による復讐のためではない。戦捷が齎すでない如く敗戦はみじめではあつても恥ではないのだ。田中義一大将の世界制覇の夢ではなく、文化的世界制覇の長途に首途するだらう。さて文化とは云へ只一つの研究所建設にも経済関係に依存してゐる以上、其の前途は[illegible]

は期待せねばならぬ。二・二六事件前後から日本民衆は完全に政治結社、職能團体は解散と除籍なくされ、全く思想的にも伸びる道は閉され神は遂に政治的無關心を招来したのであつたが、聡明なる今後の日本青年は、神がかり的思想でなく、社会科学、自然科学に立脚した、世界的判断ち世界を指導し得る思想と組織を持ち得る事を私は信じてゐる。

一 一君

その責任と栄冠とかち得るのは君等、青年である。敗戦の恥をすすぎ得るものは、夫以外にない。生きがひある日本はそこにあるのだ。機関銃でとつた武家政策、之は何時の世にも哀れを止めるのだが、既往はさてゐき新興日本の事を考へる事が焦眉の問題であり青年日本は何處へ進むだらうか。一口に云ふ自由主義か、個人主義的民主々義で日本民族が救へるのかどうか。まさか三十年前の日本に逆轉するとも思へない。個人主義の究極する所、田中正堂の徹底個人主義、スチルネル、又は反逆兒視された大杉榮の個人主義的無政府主義等でなければ抜け道のない個人主義である。それは爛熟した魅惑にとむ詩の世界であるが尤も大杉榮も政治的革命家と云ふより一思想家であり詩を歌はざる一詩人に過ぎなかつたのであるが夫らのものが、今日の日本青年に受容れられるかどうか。資本主義に拘つた民主々義と[illegible]

は皆がしり過ぎてをちねばならぬものである。敗人の富豪の一人にならはれる為めに、七千萬の國民がもう一度血みどろの競争を再現する筈もなく、其競争は既に終り終るものは國際的富豪連だけの競争であるが大も雑も片はついた。三井、三菱、安田等の資本閥が改組したり、手を引いたとしても、他の資本は又君臨する事は明瞭であり、そこに継承されねばならぬ機構があり日本の政治的指導者の交替期は日本青年の蹶起を待つてゐる。

只、敗戦日本の今日の情勢は、一國内だけでの運動や独往と云ふ様な運動などで何の力もなく、小異を去つて國際的世界民衆運動の大同團結に向ふ外生活向上の道はない様に思はれる。共國際的結合運動が武家政権前にもなかつたのではない。併しそれは指導者連の潔癖過ぎる理論闘争などのためや其他の事情があつたのであらう共智情は上つてゐなかつたのである。が然し今日の青年の仕事は世界を舞臺にせねば何一つ出来なくなつた事は皆が認識してゐる事と思ふ。

一 一君

それに就き話は少し横道にそれるが、私の話が先日國際木材労働者組合の事に及んだら、君も知るユー氏にひどい皮肉とお叱りを蒙つて恐縮してゐる。何も人の畑を荒さうと思つた譯でなく又何々部長といふ指導者たりしユー氏や、日本人労働組合の指導者連の輝かしい功績を忘れはうなどゝ露思つた[illegible]

は個人組合への融合をいとて生きる道のない事を痛感したからであつて、おれが私の全部ではなかつた筈だ。

恰度君が、日本敗戦の日に、尾崎愕堂翁の自由主義のための獅子吼に感激した手紙をくれたのを聞と事だ。まさか君が愕堂翁の自由主義で日本青年が救はれると思つてる譯ではあるまい。只君は僕で武家政治を命がけで否定し続けて来た愕堂翁の純眞さに感激したのであらうが、其感激は當然な事だし、夫は夫でよいのではないか。

それからもう一つ、ユー氏に私は左翼扱ひしていたゞいて、之は反語でなく光栄の至りだが、事實は現役でない左翼と云ふものがある筈はなく、その同情者の資格もない一老労働者に何の力もなく、私の念ずるものは二世諸士の中からより指導者の出る事を曉望するのであつて、その一助ともなり得やうとする事は、私等の與へられたる仕事でないかと思つたのであつて、私等は負ふた子に教へられて淺瀬を渡ると共に、年の功だけの事は云はねばならぬ場合もなければならぬと思つてゐる。負ふた子に皮肉を云ふ前に、負ふた子に教へられる雅量を持たなければ、只の頑固オヤヂになりはしないか

青年は経験少く淺慮な場合もあらう。併し君等青年の持つよさは純眞であり正邪を峻別し、社會的矛盾を感知するに敏であり、理想に邁進し得る勇氣と意力を、其他の年齢者に比して多く持つてゐるし、之が社會進歩の原動力となる事は君も認めるであらう。青年時[illegible]ち二世に對し[illegible]

なかつたらそれに何の意味があるかと思ふのである。又云ふ事は作がよい事かどうかと反省する事は曾はうとする人の心組の性格に對が定められるのではないか。秋霜烈日も美しい。併し少し温かみがあつたら、もつと良きものとならう。夫れは技術ではなく、その人のもつ性格と人生觀の然らしめる所のもの。

一 一君

日本の現状もさうではないか。自由主義到来、言論の自由と浮れるには少し早い。それは比較的な事であり、又如何なる社會組織内にも、ある程度の制束と云ふものはあらねばならぬものだし、個人主義的自由必ずしも自由でない場合が多いと共に制束の間に自由がある場合もあらう。諸君の職や職制は困つたものだが、民意の綜合に依る職制の中にこそ真の自由があるのではないか、と思ふのである。

又、自身の道徳觀とか人倫上からとか、自重せねばならぬ場合もあらう。皮肉のための皮肉、無暴悲なる言葉の中には暴力以上の殘忍性をもつ性質のものがある事を知らねばならぬ。つまり言論を公表する場合は殊に、其言葉の他人に及ぼす影響と云ふものを顧慮せねばならぬと云ふ事になる。

一 一君

それから君は大姓結論と云ふものを嫌悪してる多うだが、人間には其時々々の結論と云ふものがあつてもかまはないと私は思つてゐる。勿論人間死ぬ時の結論が最後の結論だが、其時々々の結論を[illegible]るのは希望なうな[illegible]

見もるし、世渡り上手都合の集合もあらう。併しこれは意識的であり、時局便乗者と云ふ類はこれだが、眞實に結論のない人があるとすれば、それは虚無家であらう。併し、日本あたりのインテリ層や文學青年の中には「人生字をしろは變ひの始め」などゝうそぶいた手輩もあるが、其の虚無家が、自身の子供に、絶望の人生觀と、世の中の暗黒なる一面のみを教示する勇氣ありやと、私は聴きたいのだ。尤も子供がなくとも、子供のある人より早解りのする人もあるが我等凡人には、子供があつたら一番早解りがするかも知れぬ。此の虚無と云ふ奴は、個人主義で[illegible]

つてられぬ見本[illegible]なのだ。

一 一君

之に似たものは日本の一部の知識人なのだ。冒険的で感情的、断然たる態度を持つて[illegible]文藝[illegible]に、上前[illegible]し易き「[illegible]」[illegible]から「[illegible]」[illegible]来をうけ[illegible]が、[illegible]みを知らず、[illegible]と[illegible]なかつた[illegible]だつたが[illegible]けた者の[illegible]だら[illegible]に[illegible]日本へ[illegible]多数だ。[illegible]

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小寅
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中村杉蔵
はな
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杉浦三平
[illegible]

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[illegible] Edmonton, Alta.

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土外[illegible]
Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]
c/o [illegible]

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過去の誤りを卒直に認めて

トーヨー 三又草

一九四一年十二月八日、日米開戦が發表される數ケ月前から、萬一に備へる爲めに「日本人對策委員會」がひそかに出來て、其の骨子をチャンと決定してゐた。

即ちパール・ハーバー奇襲の報が入ると、其の對策要項を直に實行に移した。

（一）日本人漁船の押留
（二）日本字新聞を差止める
（三）語學校を閉鎖する
（四）信用出來ない日本人をインターンする

敵國籍の[illegible]で、敵國臣民は十八歳から四十五歳迄の總ての男子は防衛區域百哩外へ追出しまった。

我はイタリー人も獨逸人も同様の處置をされても何も不思議はないのであるが、獨逸人、イタリー人の方は[illegible]かまひなしで、二世や歸化人は加奈陀の民族にもあるし、防衛區域内で平常通りの生活を續けて居るに反し、日本人は二世も日本臣民も歸化人も十把一からげに、第一世界大戦の歸還勇士までも引込めて百哩外へ移動せしめ、其後で二世、ナショナル、歸化人の別なく過去四十年間に[illegible]として築き上げた産業——日本人の經濟的の基礎を「敵國人財産管理」の美名の下に或は競賣し或は入札にして餘す所なく押付けて了つた。日本人は四十餘年前に柳行李一つ持つて出て來た當時の自然の姿に返り、今漸く[illegible]の[illegible]だけ殘つた事を味つてゐるのが現在の我々なのである。

何故獨逸人やイタリー人の二世や歸化人は何事もなけに生業を營んでゐるのに、吾々民族だけを二世も歸化人も區別なしに移動せしめ、再びビーシー州に於て立つ事が出來ない様に經濟的土臺を根絶したか？

此が讀者諸君に私から投げる疑問なのである。

加奈陀全体としてはイタリー人や獨逸人は、日本人よりは總數に於てズツと多勢なのである。尤も彼等の多くは晩香坡からハリファックス迄の間の都市に散在して居るのみである。日本人は殆ど全部がビーシー州に集結して居ただけの事なのである。

而もイタリー人や獨逸人は其の本國政府から補助金を貰つて語學校を經營し、其語學校を通じてナチス主義やファッショ主義を宣傳したと云はれて居る。ヒットラーやムッソリニは海外在住の二世を國粋化する事に非常な關心を持つたのであるが、吾々の場合は日本政府から補助金も貰はねば所謂「日本精神」や「大和魂」の宣傳もして居ない。「大和魂」や「日本精神」が[illegible]なものか説明もできないし、日常の生活は、其を日本精神から遠い生活をして居る人々の口から「大和魂」がどうのこうのと聞かないでもなかつたが、其も所謂イタリー人やドイツ人の様な組織だつた團体運動は日本人だけはしなかつた事は事實である。

吾々は日本からの移民なのであるが吾々の子供は加奈陀に生ひついた加奈陀人なのである。北海道や樺太へ移住した植民ではないのである。自國の領内なら日本式の生活や子女の教育も商賣も日本式で結構であるが、外國の政府の下に、異つた傳統と歴史と習慣を持つ獨立國家の社會に來て居る移民なのである。吾等の忘れられない祖國が人口過多で出てきた吾々である。二、三年働いて小金をためて歸るのでなく、既に永住的に一家を成し、加奈陀人たる二世は既に數千人に達して居る今日なのである。

吾々は過去に於て、世界の五大強國の一だとか、世界無比の皇室をいただいて居る國民だとか、大支那大ロシアと戦つて大勝したエライ民族だ、日本精神は大したものだと、自分から戰ひ勝つたかの様に威張つて居た。空虚な民族的優越感を持つて居た。七、八年前に上海事變が起つてから、日本軍の破竹の勢で支那の半分を占領するや、加奈陀生れの日本人二世が公立學校で[illegible]いやに威張るので、[illegible]會に集まつた[illegible]の學校長から[illegible]された事を私は聞いて居る。私は其時或る宗教家の説教を聞きに行つた事がある。其は日本の家族主義道徳とキリストの個人主義の美點道徳を比較して、家族主義を[illegible]せしめ[illegible]何でも[illegible]を對手に取つて[illegible]を越した例を引き[illegible]ゲットーなんかサッサラ[illegible]

「ゲットーなんか遊ぶのがいやなんだ」「ゲットーなんかナンゼ」と言ふ氣になり、さてこそ二世達が身いきが殊くなるのだナーと思つた。空つぽな民族的優越感は必ず排他的になる。ビーシー州で排斥されて居る人種が自分の獨りよがりの民族的優越感から、却て在留國の人を排斥する場合が多々あつた。

私が皆さんの前に投げた疑問、何故同じ敵國人でありながらドイツ人、イタリー人よりも日本人をドク拔つたかと云ふ問ひに對し、或加奈陀人同情者は云ふ「君達に選擧權があつたら、こんな事は決して起らなかつたらう」と。

實は私も然う信ずる。日本人が選擧權が無い爲めに、何時でも政爭の具となる事は知つてゐる。それでは何故に其大切な選擧權がないのかを追究したいなら過去の日本移民の歴史をみれば自然と判るのである。有名なチャッチ・ヘーの書いた「加奈陀の政治史」にはから書いて居る。

一八六三年ビーシー州カリブーの金山が發見されてから支那人移民が澤山入り込んだ。白人も多勢をるのでカリブーが一つの選擧區になつた。代議士を選擧する事になつた。其當時の選擧資格は「齢二十一以上の男子で十磅以上を所有し、三ケ月以上州内に居住した者」となつてをり、人種別なく全然無かつた。土人も支那人も差別なしに選擧權を與へられた。其結果は？

代議士候補者中支那人ボスを取込んだ者が必ず當選した。と云ふのは、支那人總數は白人の總數よりズツト少いにも拘らず、支那人の[illegible]に投票するから自然[illegible]票がわかれる。此弊害が約十ケ年も續いた。一八七六年の州議會に於て此多年の積弊を除去すべく、支那人及土人の投票權を除去したのである。其當時日本人は問題にならなかつたのである。それから二十年も經つてから遂に日本人も晩香坡市のパーキー投票の時から右の法律の中に含められ、支那人、土人と同格に待遇される事になつた。即ち故本間留吉氏の試訴を最後に政治から締出しをくつたのである。

結束投票と云へば一九三一年だつたか、ビーシー州大審判所が倫理法の賛否を投票で決定する時、投票資格は當一エーカー以上持つ「地主農」（支那人は手作借地だつたので、支那人排斥の意味でもあつた）だつたので、日本人は殆んど投票權があつた譯である。日本人は白人農家より數に於てはズツと少かつたが、白人は賛否兩方に分かれ、日本人は賛成に大多數結束したので日本人が投票した方が勝つた。其時も政治家は眉をひそめて居たものである。

併し、之は日本人ばかりではないのである。一八七〇年代にアメリカ南部の黒人の奴隷が一齊に解放されて民主社會の投票をする様になつてから、暫くも一般投票で決定される問題は其投票でも、政治も時此等黒人の結束投票に依う左右されるやうになり、米國南部諸州では議會で黒人に占領されるに到つて憤然起つた南部白人の暴力團クーケーケーが盛んに出没して[illegible]生活する者は自然結果[illegible]生まれる樣になる、況や何十年居ても、其國の言葉を使はず、日本語ばかりで生活して居た者をやである。

加奈陀の政治家はアメリカの政治家よりも用心深いのである。だから日本人が東部各州に散在し、無智な結束投票の危險が無くなつた上でなくては、吾等の子孫にまで投票權を許さないであらう。

加奈陀は今や日本人二世の志願兵を受け付け、彼等の一部は既に印度に出征し非常に人氣がよい。彼等は日系加奈陀人の代表といふ氣分で努力してゐる事必然である。

加奈陀の守護として彼等は身命を捧げた。彼らの崇高なる行爲に對し加奈陀は、彼らに市民權を與へるべきを恥ずるの日が來るであらう。[illegible]の第一戦に出たのである。彼等は今後の日本人生活權擁護の血戦を生かすも殺すも吾々の今後の覺悟一つである。第一大戦に出た勇士達を今回の様な敗北に行かしめたのは、吾ら[illegible]生活に責任があると私は思ふ[illegible]省すべきではないか。

敗戦の祖國では「吾々は世界の五大強國から再出發するのだ。日本は、吾民は、と誇るべからざる事を誇つて居たのだ。國民一人々々が敗戦に頭をたれる事なく、[illegible]で男らしくいばらの道に進みて行く事こそ、祖國再興の途であり、大和民族の眞面目である」と云つてゐる。

吾々は四十年前、移民として[illegible]下げて渡航した當時に返つて加奈陀生活の再出發をする覺悟が要る。

[illegible]レーの[illegible]もない。文字通り[illegible]なのである。吾々が[illegible]積み上げた、[illegible]生活の仕方が[illegible]に於ても、四十年の[illegible]する決心を、それを[illegible]氣を[illegible]てゐる[illegible]に[illegible]し得る[illegible]ねばならぬ。彼らに自らの誤りを認めず[illegible]の日本[illegible]

新年二つの[illegible]

大日[illegible] 小林秀[illegible]

[illegible]

作く人も[illegible]民族の[illegible]として[illegible]

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し併て各地同胞の健在を祈る

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To my many friends whom it was such a pleasure to know, I wish, not only a Happy Christmas Season but a Happy future in Canada—or haply (mayhap) in the New Japan which is coming.

W. Rutherford

Druggist

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To my many friends who have had to make their homes in other parts of the Dominion and to those who are still in the Slocan District, I extend to them all the Season's Greetings.

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A Happier and Brighter New Year

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Betty Izumi
Gerty Hashimoto
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Kay Kurita

[illegible] City British Columbia

Ramblings from the Prairie Sod

By Malcolm K. Fukami

BEET topping and harvesting is now over! The blanket of snow covers the earth with a white pureness that heralds the coming of Christmas.

Christmas . . . It will be the first real Christmas after these long years of hatred, bloodshed and war . . . a Christmas of hope, of reconstruction, of peace and security. May the words "Peace on earth, goodwill towards all men" be carried around the world to the north and the south, the west, and the east. Yes, this Christmas is a Christmas of hope—a hope for the fulfillment of the teachings of Christ.

THE STRUGGLES

But on the eve of this coming yuletide, everything is not rosy. Rampant militarism, Fascism, and Nazism have been overcome, but ignorance, intolerance, imperialism and greed still thrust up their ugly heads. Indonesians, Malayans, Indians are still denied their rights of independence and self-government. They are still suppressed and heavily exploited to fill the coffers of the imperialists.

LABOR SITUATION

In the field of labor, union recognition and union security are being denied by various corporations in this country and in the United States. Quoting from Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt "I have been told that a few of our biggest employers think that now is the time to break the power of labor through destroying their unions."

If such is the attitude of our industrial tycoons, then our democracy is indeed in for a turbulent test. I quote Mrs. Roosevelt again: "As long as there are jobs to which people can go, the creation of labor-saving devices makes little difference. But we have reached a point where labor-saving devices are good only when they do not throw people out of jobs. It is fine to produce things more than before, but in doing so, we must make it possible for him to be a consumer."

Some of us may be critical of the demands of organized labor through ignorance of the labor situation. The labor-saving devices are enabling the manufacturers to reduce the man-hours required for the production of certain commodities, hence reducing the cost of production. Yet the constant price is being maintained. Meanwhile the buying power of the employees is greatly reduced. More and more labor-saving devices are being added to the industries, reducing the number of workers needed. Unemployment will be the natural result, followed by a depression and a period of poverty in the midst of plenty, unless the situation is averted by lowering the hours of work per employee without reducing the contents of his pay envelope.

RACE RELATIONS

Here in Canada, democracy is taking a beating. Racism is rampant from the anti-Semitic blasts of Dr. Watson Kirkconnell to the anti-Japanese sentiments of some M.L.A.'s and M.P.'s of British Columbia. One may ponder if the young men who sacrificed their lives to destroy the ideologies of race superiority had not died in vain.

In war, the people rose to defend democracy. In time of peace they should not stand by and witness the destruction nor the brushing aside of democratic principles that they paid so dearly to preserve.

We, the Japanese Canadians, are a part of that mass of the common people — a part of the great tide that surged forward to push back the reactionary forces that sought to enslave millions of our fellow men around the world. We must stand strongly on our convictions, not only for our sake, but also for the sake of our fellow minorities and ultimately for the sake of all fellow men.

At the present time we are restricted in our activities by various wartime measures (these acts, passed by orders-in-council, which we believe are undemocratic and unconstitutional). We cannot buy property, cannot engage in retail or wholesale enterprises in many localities. Our properties were seized and sold without our consent; our personal property and chattels sold or disposed of in a manner incompatible with the principles of civil rights.

We as human beings, as Canadian citizens, cannot be so discouraged as to throw up our hands in despair. We must fight for the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We must fight for complete compensation for our property losses. We must co-operate with and become members of unions, co-operatives, church organizations, political organizations, clubs and discussion groups in the fight for democracy. In no other way can we better serve the country of our birth.

GREETINGS FROM
THE NEW CANADIAN

Greetings and Best Wishes

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Takayuki Kadohama
Kazuyuki Kadohama
Johnny Y. Kariya
Yukio Kariya
Tom T. Kosaka
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Greetings
and Best Wishes
For a Happier
and Brighter
New Year

Overwaitea

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Kaslo, B.C.

A MERRY
CHRISTMAS
and
A HAPPY
NEW YEAR

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of the
SEASON

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Best Wishes for the
Yuletide and the
New Year

Grayling Shoe Store

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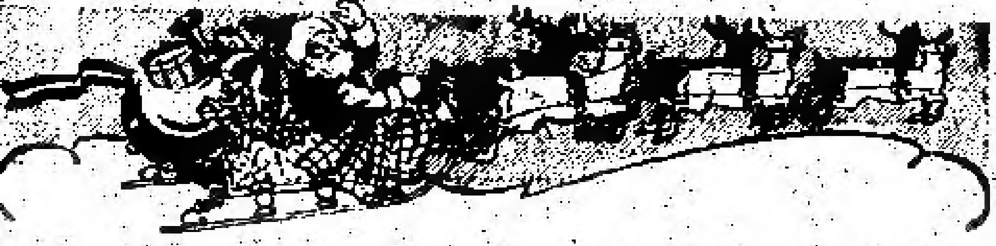
Xmas Shopping for Kid Brother



Greetings

from the

Southern Alberta Youth Council

LETHBRIDGE ALBERTA

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year

Silk O Lina Stores

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A RELOCEE'S CHRISTMAS

By C.K.

CHRISTMAS will soon be upon us once again and the first Christmas since evacuation in a normal community in a peace time world will be enjoyed by relocees scattered from the craggy mountains of B.C., across the windswept chill prairies and the farther eastern provinces.

Christmas! Not the kind of Christmases which had to be endured in a bleak 14 x 24 frame three-roomed house of the interior towns. Not the lonely ones spent away in a small room, with thoughts on the good times and turkey dinner you would have enjoyed if all your family and friends were there. Not the kind where you went out with a friend and drank beer because you had nothing better to do. No, this Christmas finds many re-united with families, old friends, and friends whom you have made in the period of resettlement. The warm congenial circle which adds just that special touch to the Christmassy feeling.

But for many, this Christmas is a time of crisis. The rights of citizenship are at stake. Deportation hangs ominously over their heads. Meanwhile, the young children who would be condemned to an unknown fate in an unknown country because their parents signed for repatriation, await the coming event of Christmas, for Santa Claus and all the nice things which they associate with that magic day, not fully realizing their situation.

And this Christmas will be a new experience for many of us. Not that we will receive any special gift or favor, but that we will be celebrating the Yuletide season in a world at peace, in homes far from the familiar ones we used to know.

A child will see Christmas for the first time. A [illegible] relocee will enjoy the Holiday season in a new setting. The hardened early relocee will pass off their second or third season with a shrug but inwardly, perhaps, he will be happy that his family is with him. Others will enjoy re-unions with old friends.

NAOMI ELAINE will see and enjoy her first Christmas. Born in June, she has yet to have her first experience. She is too young to appreciate anything yet, but this Christmas holds special things for her and her parents.

Ever since she was born, Naomi Elaine has been working toward assimilation. The people all meet and invariably fall into ecstatic cries of "what a beautiful baby" as all people would when they see babies. Blessed with an engaging smile, she makes friends easily, and through mutual admiration for her, her parents and the neighbors become fast friends. Her father readily admits that many of his friendships with the neighbors sprang up because of Naomi Elaine.

This Christmas is the first for Naomi Elaine. But already she has contributed toward making friends which is part, and an important one, which leads to "peace on earth ... goodwill toward men."

BILL, BOBBY and MARJORIE are recent relocees. The things they miss most are the mountains, the scenic beauty of the lakes, the tall swaying evergreens and the playgrounds of the woods, lakes and rivers nature provides in British Columbia. With Christmas just around the corner, memories assail them. They think of the times when they went to look for Christmas trees in the woods. Here, they complain, you have to pay fifty cents for a [illegible] tree. Why, they ask, should you pay fifty cents? Back in B.C. we got them for nothing ... all we did was go to the woods for them. It was more fun, too, they add reminiscently.

They have adjusted themselves to their new environment admirably. They have taken the cold winter in their stride. They play with the children in the neighborhood. They have become a part of the community. But they cannot reconcile themselves to the fact that they cannot go into the woods to cut their own Christmas tree.

Whatever their complaints, however, they eagerly look forward to Christmas. They hold whispered conferences to decide what to buy mom ... what for dad, for uncles and aunts, and friends. They seek menial chores around the house to earn some money. Christmas to them means giving ... another essence of "peace on earth ... goodwill toward men."

YOSHIO hit the relocation trail some two years ago. He plugged away at various jobs until he found one he had received training. For two Christmases now, he sent home gifts for his brothers and sisters and his parents. He spent those two Christmases thinking of all the nice times he had had when he was still at home with the rest of the family. Usually friends came to call. Friends like himself who were away from home, and together they went to have some beer and talk of old times, past Christmases and how they wished their families were together again.

This year, Yoshio is spending Christmas with his folks who came east early this spring.

This Christmas, he will have a tree decorated with all the trimmings, in the living room of the [illegible] he was able to find for rent. He had a hard time finding this house. Things were pretty tough because this city was crowded with war workers who were also looking for houses.

Now the family is with him and they look to a merry Christmas [illegible]

ALL IN THE GAME

A Short Story by Jack Nakamoto

MAS KAWAGUCHI timidly followed the odd assortment of men, most of them hobos and derelicts looking the slightest bit better for the holiday season, shuffling into a soup kitchen where free meals were slated to be dished out. A blade ordinarily has to pay 20 cents or cadge a "sucker" from some good-hearted sucker, but today free dishouts were in order. It happened to be Christmas day.

"Hi, Charlie, how's the world treating you?" asked the blonde young stiff at his table.

"Don't kid yourself. I'm treating myself . . . the world never treats me . . . except this feed here," shot back the Nisei youth with a tone of defiance and independence that he had unconsciously cultivated in order to swing along with this breed of men. He knew that a yes-man type of guy would command respect from nobody, not even from himself, and self-respect was probably the only thing Mas had. What's more a strong resentment boiled in him at his being called "Charlie," and he added as an after thought, "Don't call me Charlie!"

"Oh! you don't have to get hot around . . ."

"Okay you guys, forget it," broke in a professorial-looking though slightly on the seedy side man wearing a pair of owlish glasses.

"After all this is Christmas . . . personally Christmas or no Christmas . . . a Chink, Wop, Limey or a Frog . . . they're all the same to me. Now, if you were in Russia you'd be treated the same no matter what the hell you are, and then you wouldn't have to rack your brains out wondering where the next meal's coming from, 'cause you'd all have jobs."

"No communism for me or no other goddam isms. It's just like the dirty Nazis. You don't get freedom, and freedom's the thing I crave for. Freedom to ride the freights, freedom to loaf around the country. Give me a square meal and the good ol' earth to pound my itching feet on . . . By the way, I used to go out with a cute little Chinese dame in Calgary, do you know . . ."

"Listen, buddy, I'm not Chinese."

Mas wanted to say more but held himself back. Besides he was just fed up listening to guys shooting the same old line about having dated a Chinese or a Japanese girl just to impress him.

Presently the communist-inclined man interrupted to prevent any further complications.

"I still say communism clears up our present unemployment situation. Maybe it's a good thing this war started. Maybe they'll learn a thing or two. And maybe after the war there'll be no guys like us bumming around."

"If war's a good thing, why aren't you in it? Why didn't you join up and fight for what you believe?"

"I'm a communist, and so far, they don't take communists."

"And you?" said the blonde turning to Mas.

"Uh . . . I tried to join up . . . I was born in Canada but my folks happen to be . . ."

"Skip it, pal, the soup's on. Merry Christmas you guys!" yelled the blonde.

"Merry Christmas, an' everybody!" said the communist standing up.

"Merry Christmas!"

Mas enjoyed the Christmas dinner, the creamed chicken fricassee melted in his mouth.

After they had eaten heartily, the blonde stood up.

"Well, I've got to blow now, so long fellas!" he said.

"I've got to get moving, too," said the communist, and the contented look on his face made him appear strangely old as he turned to Mas. He stuck out his hand.

"Here's wishing you lots of luck. Whatever you do don't take this ol' world too seriously . . . well, like me . . . It's not worth getting serious about. Don't trust nobody and just keep going. It doesn't matter where, much. Well, so long."

"Thanks," said Mas, and his voice sounded a little hoarse.

* * *

MAS Kawaguchi stirred and awoke from the reverie feeling a slight chilling sensation. That was exactly six years ago . . . six long years . . . back in 1939. The city was Winnipeg, and the scene took place at the Salvation Army Hostel, more affectionately termed then as the Sally Ann flophouse which was the largest of its kind that Mas had come across.

And now, on Christmas, 1945, Mas was laid up with a bad attack of grippe in a dingy rooming house in Quebec City. Before he got sick he had a job in a restaurant as a 18-bucks-a-week hash slinger. Merely working for peanuts, but he didn't care, he was satisfied.

Unlike most of the bums he had met, Mas did not have to leave home. In fact he had lived in a nice home, ma and pa, kid sisters and kid brothers . . . making a fairly modest living back on the West Coast. But then Mas had been the restless type. He got sick of going to school every day and poring over books. Books, theories and formulas, he was sick of them. What he wanted was a dash of real experience that could be had only by cutting away from the ties of home and school. Which he did when he was 16. He wanted a life out of his own backyard. He wanted to see if he would be worth his salt, if he could dish it out and take it with the best of them. He had considered making a man out of himself . . .

Today he particularly felt the pangs of loneliness at the thought of how he could have been enjoying a Christian dinner in a festive spirit with his folks back home. Oh well, this is the pay-off for being the black sheep of the family.

He remembered once as he was dragging his tired feet along the dusty trans-Canada highway under the beating sun out on the prairies with no apparent signs of life around him. He had cried out: "Oh God, what am I doing out here all alone? What business have I got out here!"

Maybe it was in the cards, who knows? But one thing he remembered keenly, and he was sure of it, this lonely feeling had something strange, exciting and soul-stirring . . . like being alone in a strange city at the dead of night. It made you a little morbid at first, then suddenly you became aware, keenly aware, making you alert, on your toes, lest something, you don't know exactly what, should happen to you.

To dispel further thought, Mas wound the gramophone and put on a record. It was a song called "The Bluebird of Happiness."

It makes no difference who
you are, it's all the same
somehow . . .
It's in the game, the bitter
and the sweet.
For every bit of hatred, there's
a little bit of love;
For every cloudy morning,
there's a midnight moon
above . . .

Yeah, I guess it's all in the game, the tough breaks with the good, and everything in God's own good time. Mas sank cozily back into his bed, coughing . . .

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Lemon Creek, B.C.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Parker Bros.
AND STAFF
LEMON CREEK, B.C.

To my numerous regular customers and friends, I extend my best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year, and thank you for your patronage throughout the year.

Graham and Avis
Lemon Creek, B.C.

Empathy

A story by D.S.C.

Last night it was Bette Davis in "The Corn Is Green" and tomorrow night it would be the "Fighting Guardsmen." Tonight it was going to be Betty Grable in "The Diamond Horseshoe." Every night after coming home sardine-packed in a street car, Hideo would have his supper, change his clothes and go see a movie.

Hideo lived in a fantastic make-believe world of the movies. He escaped from his drab life of working, eating and sleeping. He fled from the orders of minor clerks who derived their feeling of importance by looking down on him. But every night, Hideo stepped into a higher social level and became the hero in the movie ... all for 50 cents including tax.

• • •

Tonight as he sat there being the hero making love to the heroine, he gradually became aware of a light pressure on his knee. He reached down in the darkness. His fingers touched soft feminine fingers. He was agreeably surprised to feel real hands closing over his fingers. When the show ended he held a little crumpled note containing a name and address.

When tomorrow came instead of the "Fighting Guardsmen," he wandered around and gravitated to the address he found on the note. He found himself in the disreputable section of the town. As he rang the bell he felt like running away. But before he could decide to do so the door was opened by a heavily rouged and highly perfumed woman. She embraced him and kissed him with her flabby lips. He was hugged into a damp flat reeking with cheap perfume. He was invited to make himself at home while she went out to change. As he sat there he was overcome by a feeling of disgust, and before the woman returned, Hideo walked out of the flat.

• • •

Amy lived in the same block as Hideo. She was a stenographer, and she saw Hideo many times when they came home on the same street car.

And many times she thought how nice it would be to know someone like Hideo. If only she could get to know him in some way ... And Hideo, walking home to his boarding house, thought: that's the sort of girl I'd like to know ... but he had better hurry if he wanted to be on time for the 7:15 show.

Tonight as Amy watched him from her window an idea occurred to her. Why couldn't she go to the same show and maybe sit next to him? She got ready and waited. When she saw him leave, she went just a little behind and followed him into the movie and she sat in a seat next to him.

The picture played on but he didn't seem to take the slightest interest in her. She was sitting so close. She tried leaning closer, moving her shoulders towards him. But instead of a positive response, he moved away. And when her elbow touched him on the narrow ledge between them he moved his arm away. The feature unreeled to the climax and ended. Amy didn't know what to do. The news of the day flashed on the screen with loud music. It was too late; the magic setting was gone.—But wait — — the newsreel was showing pathetic pictures of refugee children. Amy thought this was her last chance and she did a daring thing. As if by accident she placed her hand gently on his knee. The picture ended and without a sideward glance Hideo got up and left.

ETA

("Eta" or "shinheimin," because of their alleged Korean or some other foreign ancestry, have been one of the most ostracized class of people in Japan. This prejudice was carried over into Canada by some Japanese immigrants, but does not exist among the Niseis.)

There's a girl I might've courted
If my efforts weren't aborted.
I'm Eta.

I'm labelled not acceptable
Because it's not respectable
To be Eta.

My parents fled Japan
From that accented ban
On Eta.

The snobbery of them
Who slavishly condemn
The Eta!

The prejudices here
Are just the same as there
Against Eta.

Answer, if you can:
Am I less a man
Tho' Eta?

—DANA.

Purple Blues

By M.I.

Dream
tip-toed
into my sleep
on slippered feet
and softly
hummed purple blues.

Dream,
in my sleep,
slipped in and out
and scattered star shapes
in the air
of pastel hues.

And in the interval
of dawn,
dream
stole into my drowsy mind,
half-asleep,
and brought to me
your vibrant heart;
then suddenly,
the dream
grew dim,
and in that hour
of dawn's sheer light
I woke up
humming purple blues.

"POEMS".

By Vic Ogura

Montreal! Pubescent face of tingeing leaves . . . blown gently by an amorous breeze . . . powdered soothingly by winter Westmore . . . ribboned gracefully by early skiers.

And, of course, when I think of skiing, I think og Bill "I" . . . and when I think of Bill and skiing put together . . . well, I thought of a "poem" . . .

Two red cheeks, skis that creaks,
One pink nose, a shaky pose,
Two muffled ears, a change of gears,
One firm mouth, a praying spouse,
(Oh, I forgot, Bill is married and has a cot)
Two fiery eyes, a sharp wind defies,
One wave farewell, the cadence of a knell,
Two poles pendent, a body bent,
One look down, at a miniature town,
Two jets of bile, a sickly smile,
One prayer said, I'm good as dead,
Two closed eyes, downward he flies,
One more second, and all's well we reckon,
Two eyes open, a deliverance prayer spoken,
One resolution made, never again without my spouses aid!

P.S. Bill is a better skier than I; I don't ski.
All in fun Bill, I know you could take the pill!

Brats

Nations never for a minute satisfied
Until all their wishes are gratified;
They are but little children
Doing more of breakin' than buildin'.
But little children in the future
Grow up to be sane and mature . . .
Oh! if only Nations could also do so;
Then all the greed and vice might go!

I Got It Bad

My little Niseiette,
As chatty as a rustic rivulet,
Never for a moment quiet,
And I liked her more by it.

Her name was Jean;
And a face so sheen
That upon her I could not gaze
Without going into a daze!

An outdoor girl was she,
But just as comfy in society.
One day she looked at me with sparkling glance
And made my heart leap and dance.

She was my fairest,
And I her dearest (?)
She was my little treasure
Which did bring me love and pleasure.

But alas, one day
Our vicious tongues did play,
And me and my Jean parted—
I, broken-hearted.

So let me tell you lads,
Geniuses, and cads:
Never love a girl blindly
For sure, she'll leave you finally.

George Gershwin —*HIS MUSIC*

by miyo ishiwata

There is no need to explain who George Gershwin is. His name is as familiar among the jazz fans as among the concert-goers. Recently the Warner Brothers created a screen biography of this Brooklyn-born genius, and titled it "Rhapsody in Blue."

George Gershwin wrote many successful musical comedies such as, "George White Scandals," "Lady Be Good," "Strike Up the Band," "Girl Crazy," "Of Thee I Sing." He wrote scores of ingratiating tunes like "Embraceable You," "Swanee," and "I've Got Rhythm."

However, had Gershwin only [illegible] "Rhapsody in Blue," his [illegible] would have been assured. [illegible] Rhapsody had its debut 22 [illegible] ago with the composer at [illegible] piano and accompanied by [illegible] Whiteman and his brassy [illegible]. Neither the audience nor [illegible] critics liked their first taste [illegible] concert. Of course matters [illegible] changed considerably since.

[illegible] of this year, eight years [illegible] Gershwin's death, an out[illegible] concert was held in Man[illegible] Lewisohn Stadium at [illegible] the Philadelphia Symphony [illegible]chestra conducted by Eugene [illegible]mandy performed the Rhapsody [illegible] Blue, with Oscar Levant at the [illegible]ano. The performance was re[illegible]ded by Columbia. It is claimed [illegible]at an even better performance [illegible]s been recorded by Victor, with [illegible] Pops Orchestra under [illegible]thur Fiedler, and Jesus Ma[illegible] at the piano. Oscar Levant, [illegible] the way, who is [illegible] Gershwin's [illegible] in the movie version of Gershwin's life.

Others have had a hand in popularizing Gershwin's music. Oscar Peterson, a widely acclaimed Montreal wizard of boogie woogie piano, has scored a smash hit in his Victor recording of "I've Got Rhythm." When Hazel Scott recently packed them in at His Majesty's Theatre, she brought down the house with her swing-version of Gershwin's pieces.

The composer ventured into the field of "jazz-opera," while his "Porgy & Bess." This was produced in New York in 1935 and later toured the country. Porgy & Bess is perhaps America's best attempt at opera in the field that can be considered truly American and not borrowed from Europe. Drama critics differed in their comments when it was first produced, but despite much adverse criticism, it was a tremendous box office success.

Gershwin wrote other good but less familiar compositions such as the impressionistic "An American in Paris" and "Concerto in F." He has written delightful piano pieces that he called "Preludes." But perhaps he is most noted for dressing up the jazz for a highbrow audience, and making a lady out of her.

Gershwin was well-paid during his life time for his compositions. His earnings ran as high as $100,000 yearly and more. He could consequently afford opportunities which other composers could only envy—he often hired an orchestra to play his pieces over a few times during which he made adjustments in orchestrations. Gershwin still exceeds many of the living composers in income through royalties. The composer's Russian-born mother basks today in her son's fame and fortune, while his brother Ira who used to write the lyrics for his brother's tunes is now in Hollywood song-writing.

Turning back the pages to July, 1937, when Gershwin died at the pinnacle of fame in his 38th year, I can remember clearly what a blow it was to the world of music and entertainment. Today, George Gershwin is not forgotten. His music continues to stimulate and inspire composers and listeners alike, not only in America, but in other parts of the globe.

MARTHA YAMAZAKI
164 St. Clair St. E.
Toronto, Ont.

CAROLE UYEDE
Coleman P.O. Box 27
Toronto, Ont.

[illegible] Pte. MURAKAMI, [illegible]
No. 2 [illegible]
Toronto, Ont.

MR. and MRS. [illegible]
and [illegible]
[illegible] Toronto

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May Your Christmas Be Happy
and 1946 Bright and Prosperous

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SAD SETO

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AKIRA [illegible]

DAVE SHIOZAKI
[illegible] Prince Arthur W.
Montreal 18, P.Q.

THE "MOCHI-TSUKI"

By "PEG"

TODAY is the twenty-ninth of December. Far away from home I sit in this Ontario town and look back. I abhory sentimental people who sit and weep over the "good old days." Usually, I am too busy to ponder over anything, past, present, or future. This morning, however, I looked out on the grey cold sky and saw a lone snowflake floating down through the windless air. Suddenly, I felt unbearably lonely. Safe, happy days long passed rushed into my mind—Christmas . . . year's end . . . "mochi tsuki" . . . and the first time I missed it . . .

* * *

THE house was upside down, the curtains were down from the windows. Mamma sighed: "I'll have to leave this now and go to grandma's. She'll be starting the rice steaming. You wash the floors and have the curtains pressed and I'll be back to help put them up."

I did not want to stay home to clean house. I wanted to go to the "mochi tsuki" just as I had every year until now. But mamma had explained to me a whole week ago that I was twelve now and I must help her by staying home and do the cleaning for the New Year.

Mamma saw my face and said softly: "Around two this afternoon, you bring little Aki to get some fresh "omochi" for the children. Grandma will be waiting, you know what to have for lunch, look after baby, Goodbye . . . ." and she was gone out of the door.

Papa was waiting in the truck. At the back of the truck the pail of soaking mochi rice and the rectangular shallow boxes for the omochi were piled. We children all looked from the upstairs window as the truck drove away to grandpa's place. Aki started to cry. I slapped his behind because I wanted to cry too. As long as I could remember, I had always gone to the "mochi-tsuki." I could clearly see what they would do at grandpa's.

* * *

EARLY in the morning, one of my uncles would set up the oil drum stove on the hard-packed earth of the backyard. He would pack up stones and mud around the base to keep the fires in. There was a square hole in the front to feed the wood and a short chimney at the back. He would start a roaring fire with cozy pitch kindling.

Another uncle would bring out the "usu" and wash it. Grandfather had made the "usu" when he cleared the farm. It was the trunk of a maple tree about three feet across and three and a half feet high. There was a hollow in the top where the steamed mochi rice was dumped and beaten into "omochi." It was bound around with wire to stop it from splitting when it dried.

There would be two or three big kettles half-filled with water on the stove. Each kettle would have a wooden stool with a grated top to hold the bags of mochi rice. Grandmother would put the rice which had been soaking for two days and nights, into clean sugar sacks and as the water in the kettles boiled, she would put the bags on the grated stool to steam cook.

Just about this time, we, papa, mama and I, would drive in. I would carry wood for uncle's outside stove. Mamma would help grandma spread out a big piece of brown paper on the table and bring in a box of corn starch to be ready when the big batch of "omochi" could be cut into little omochi. She would then chop up the "yogomi", that green, green grassy stuff that smelled so nice. She sometimes would let me grate the long white radish to have the "oroshi" ready. Grandmother would have a huge bowl of sweet brown "awn" cooked the night before.

By then, the first bag of rice would be cooked and uncle Hiroshi would bring it in and dump it into the "usu." Uncle Shige would bring the big wooden mallet and dip it in the pail of water beside the "usu" and start squashing the little rice grains. "Thud . . . thud . . . thud . . . ," he would squash.

When grandma took her stand beside the "usu," the "mochi tsuki" would begin. Uncle would raise the mallet high above his head and begin beating with rhythm. Between every stroke, grandma would wet her hand and slap the dough with water so it wouldn't stick to the mallet.

At the first the mallet would come down "thump . . . splat . . . thump . . ." but as the rice grains were gradually beaten together smoothly it would sound "plaat . . . splaat . . . plaat." The splaat was the sound of grandma's slapping the dough. Sometimes, she would even pull it away from the sides of the "usu" between strokes.

After a short time, papa would take his turn at the beating. Uncle Hiroshi would relieve papa. They would all become hot and take off their shirts. But grandmother would slap on the water all the time. I often wondered how she always got her hand away in time so that she would not be hit by the mallet. Mamma never changed places with grandma.

When the dough was smooth, it would be lifted out of the "usu" and grandma would cut it into big "omochi" first and mother would shape it. The next lot would be cut into smaller "omochi" by mamma and we would line up on each side of the table to shape them. I would stand by papa and he would give me one. I would cover my hands with the cool, silky corn starch and roll the piece of omochi between my hands very carefully until it was smooth, flat on the bottom and rounded on top, just like mamma's big ones. Sometimes, papa would make a curled-up snake or a turtle with the dough. I always sprinkled the starch in the boxes and lined the new omochi in them.

When enough for our family, grandpa's and an uncle's who lived away from home, had been made, mother would make "botamochi" covered with the sweet brown "awn," "shoyu-mochi" soaked in shoyu sauce and grated radish, and little "yogomi-mochi" with the green outside and "awn" inside. We would then all sit down and eat the soft fresh "omochi." I would take a bite and it would stick to my teeth. Mamma would say, "don't choke on it."

Then would come the part I always hated. I would be sent home with a parcel of the fresh omochi for my brother, sisters and aunt at home. I always wanted to stay and ride home with mamma and papa in the truck. Mamma would say, "you know your brother and sisters are waiting for these. Now run along and I'll help Grandma clean up."

Once I had begged: "Can't we take it home on the car together? I'll help you and grandma with the dishes."

She had replied: "I want you to go home to see how the children are and help auntie. She has been watching them all day." I bitterly wished I were an only child so I could munch an apple and watch uncle Hiroshi put up the fir branches outside the front door while chestnuts roasted in the embers of the stove.

* * *

ALL that is passed, I thought bitterly. Growing up is no fun. Instead of aunt, I have to stay home caring for the children. Well, I had better start scrubbing the floor. I called Sets to mind Aki, who was starting to take his shoes off.

Day after tomorrow would be New Year. Friends would be coming to greet us. Papa will be going around to our friends' homes, too. I'll have to stay home to help mamma welcome the visitors.

Mamma said I am old enough to say my New Year's greetings properly; "ake mashi to omede to . . ." what comes after that? I hoped I wouldn't meet Mrs. Sato who always bowed about ten times and could think of things to say each time.

As I squished the cloth through the soapy water, I thought of my new blue silk dress waiting for New Year's Day. New Year, next year, and I would be thirteen . . . Thirteen . . . and in the fall I would be ready for high school. Suddenly, growing up did not seem so bad.

* * *

"Long ago and far away, I dreamed a dream" that day, to be grown up, to have the world at my feet, to do all sorts of wonderful things. I remembered with envy the little girl who thought of her blue silk dress on this same day so many years ago.

To all our many friends and customers, very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year

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We miss you all in the old "ghost town."
To all our friends in Kaslo, Slocan, New Denver, Bay Farm, Winnipeg and farther East: Kindest greetings, affectionate remembrance and wishes for happiness and prosperity.

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My thoughts and prayers are with you all constantly. May you have a blessed and happy Christmas and a New Year of true peace.

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MAY THE FUTURE BRING HAPPINESS AND CONTENTMENT TO ALL WHEREVER SITUATED.

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想ひ出されるあの頃のお正月

西村登美

[illegible]なつそりとした常の日とあまり變りのないやうな此の國のお正月を迎へる度に、子供の頃の日本のお正月が瞬時も回想される。子供にとつては、お盆もお祭もそれぞれに樂しく待たれるものであつたがお正月はまた嬉しくそれこそ指折り數へて待つてゐる思ひであつた。暮頃が來になる、大掃除が始まる、そしてお餅をつく音が其處此處に聞え出してくるともう正月が門口まで來たやうで胸がはずんだ。

師走になるともう寢るのがをしい程嬉しくてお正月のやつてくる足音を、じつと待つてゐたいと思ふ程であつたが子供の體は大抵まだ／＼歳夜の鐘がならない内に睡りにさらはれてしまつた。

眼がさめると、もうお正月がやつて來てゐて、まだ外面は暗いのに家の者は常になく早くおきて靜かに立働いてゐた。

昨日から掃き清めてある部屋は疊の光は何時よりも廣く見えて清々しく、鏡餅がうや／＼しく三寶に乗つてゐるのを見ると、愈お正月に出逢つた氣持がした。

父が何時になく妙にあらたまつて挨拶をうつたり、近寄つた事もない神棚の前にかしこまつたりするのも一寸もをかしく思へなくてひし／＼と身にせまる厳かなものがあつた。

屠蘇を頂けば朗らかに包む頃になると、嬉しくて／＼駈け廻りたい程であつたがお祭とは違つてたゞ騒々させないものもあつた。

先生や友達の顔もどこか新しく思へる。式をすませて歸つて來ると愈、長閑なお正月氣分になれた。どんな事をしてもすぐ「一年中の縁起」とか「怒り癖」とか云はれるのでうつかり泣いたり、我儘と云つたりする事も出來なかつたが、叱られたり小言を云はれたりする事も少いので伸々として、先づ羽根つきが始まつた。

雪があつて表では出來ないのでする處は學校の校舎にきまつて居たが、めつたに寄せて貰へない長い袂の着物を着てお嬢樣や若樣の押繪のある大きな羽子板をかゝへて行くのは嬉しかつた。そして數へ歌でも歌ひながらみんなで羽根をついてゐるのは、本當にお正月らしくのどかであつた。

又、お互の家に集まつて雙六やいろは歌留多にもふけつたが漸く平假名が讀めるやうになつてくると、そんな物よりも百人一首の方がなか／＼面白かつた。

お正月の夜には村の青年達が大勢父のもとへ集まつて來てかるた會があつたので私も仲間入りをして大きな肩の間に豆粒のやうにはさまれて目を八角にしてゐた。歌の意味など一寸もわからないのだつたけれど側に坐つてゐるおみかんもお菓子も目に入らない程熱心であつたので知つてゐるよりも上手であつたらしく、大人の人に一人前の仲間として取扱つて貰へて嬉しく得意であつた。

みんな一人一人が「おはこ」と云つて一枚好きな札を自分の物にきめてゐて、普段は近くのさへ人にとられてきよと／＼して居るやうなそんな面も夫れだけは自分の物にせしめてニヤリとするのであつたが私のは小式部内侍の「大江山」であつた。どうせ意味はわからないのだから、たゞ讀本にあつた大江山の言葉に親しみを持ち此の札にきめたまでゝあるが、何時か此の札の作者がまだ小さい人であつたといふやうな事を聽いてから、髪を肩のやうに肩にひろげて緋の袴をはいた小さなお姫樣が目に浮んでなつかしかつた。

其の人のおはこを取るのが又却々面白かつたが何でなくても浮々とはしやぎたい空氣であるから、そんな時には大きなげんこつが大げさに頭や手に落ちて來た。

かうして二三日は瞬く間に過ぎて了つたがまだ／＼子供には樂しい事が殘つて居た。

何處からか萬歳がやつて來る、猿廻しが來る、そして伊勢のお獅子舞がやつて來た。

獅子舞は近くの村々を賑々に廻つてだん／＼近づいて來るのだつたが自分の村に入つて來た笛の音がピャ／＼しだすと浮々として落着かなく陽に當る路のお米をやいやい催促して待つて居たがやがて何とか云ひ乍らがら／＼と表戸を開けて入つて來るとそら來たッ！と飛出すのだつたが獅子は何時見ても恐ろしい顔をして居た。

笛の音につれて、頭や體を動かして行く様子はまるで生きて居るやうに見え、作つてある物だと知[illegible]食ひつかれもしないかと三間も後へすつ飛んだものである。

それまでは我慢して居たが獅子が家から出て行くと、それに續いて大勢の子供達にまじり、村中をぞろ／＼ついて歩いた。

一番おしまひに廣場で色々の藝があつたが、其時には陽氣な田舎の事であるから老人から赤ん坊まで集まつて來て廻りを取卷いた。

何かと下卑な事を云ひ乍ら廻りの人々をげら／＼笑はして、錢を集めて行くのだつたが小さな時は譯が判らないのでたゞ面白かつたけれど子ども潔癖心に反感が起るやうになつてから、何時か近寄らなくなつて了つたがそれでも獅子舞の笛の音だけは大きくなつてもお正月らしい氣分をかき立てるいゝ物であつた。

それも濟んでしまふと、お寺のお坊さんが小さなお札を一切宛配りに歩いたり、乞食がお餅の施しをねだりに歩くだけで、そんな田舎へはもう誰も來なかつたが樂しい陽氣な氣分はまだ十五日頃までも續いてゐた。

× ×

大きくなつてからでもお正月氣分は矢張り羽根つきやお餅をつく音から始まつた。

大きくなると、何でも手傳はなければならないので却々忙しかつたが其の忙しさもなどか心はずむものであつたけれど、一兩日の仕事を濟ませて大晦の多忙な[illegible]境内で賑々しく焚かれるかゞり火のをはにすると、年を送る感慨ばかりがまつてきた。

多賀神社は壽命の神樣であつた[illegible]たが、宮の川で遊つて、靜かで言葉少くかゞり火の闇を通つて帳に消え又戻つて來て、かゞり火の傍らで暫らく顔を照らして間もなく又闇にすはれて行く人が多かつたので火のもとに立つて大人達の人影を見て居ると、何か行く年の片らがひら／＼と過ぎて行くやうな思ひがした。

だん／＼夜が更けてゆくと人の數もへつて近くの者ばかりが火の周りを取り圍んで居たが、振り仰ぐ夜空は冷やかな星光をこぼして境内の杉木立は高々とそびえて黒く其暗をかゞり火のみが炎々ともえて、あたりの靜寂をすべてさめて居る樣子は神々しい大宮を偲ばせ、魂をお淨らせるものであつた。其處で其除夜の鐘を聽く樣な事はめつたにはなかつたけれどそんな折には感情のふくれ上つた娘心には切ない程のものであつた。さうして行く年を送り、新しい年は年每にやつて來て居た。

元日の朝の氣持は幾年繰返しても、さわ／＼しく心改まるものであつて、昔の古事も年を共に懐かしさを増していつた。

門松を立てた家がほの／＼明けて來る頃には、神社も元日らしい清らかな空氣であるが、電車が動くやうになつて來ると神社附らしく賑やつて來た。

拍手の音は空にひゞき、お神樂の太鼓はのどかに流れてお神酒を引く音も賑しく、大勢の人々の一年の運勢を語いた紙きれが境内の枝々に花の様に白く結ばれてゐく風景は每年同じであつたが矢張り新しい氣持で眺められるものであつた。萬歳もすたらなく昔のまゝにやつて來ては一刻の古風な[illegible]を展りまいた。

そして昔、田舎に居た頃ついて歩いて居た獅子もはらずやつて來たが今日覗いて見る事もなかつたけれど、矢張り正月風景をそへるいゝ物であつた。

昔のやうに百人一首にふける機會も餘りなくい時たまあつても、前のやうに熱心に面白くはなかつたけれど、それでも若い人達が座敷に並らんで讀み上げる聲につれて白い手が動くのはいゝものであ[illegible]

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（エーピーシー組）
A. C. Gidden
支配人
川[illegible]　川[illegible]　[illegible]
山田八十松
[illegible]
[illegible]

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ロード・キャンプものがたり

サンダーリヴァー　ゲー・エム生

ザ・スパーピアルーリヴァー間の新道路は日本人の手によつて作製の新開通したのであつたが完成したのではなかつた。道幅の如きも七八尺の所もあれば二三十尺の所もあつて一定せず、又全部を新設したのでもない。ルナン方面の如く元のグランドトランク鐵道あとを改修した所もあれば、レンボーよりレッドパスを經てクージンよりアップリダに至る間のごとく新らしくはあるが既に自動車が通つてゐた所もあつたのである。サンダーリヴァーはブルーリヴァーより凡そ九哩の地點で之より東へピラミッド、レンプリアー、ゴスキル・ブラックスパー・アルプスダへの新十哩の間はタムソン河其他の川沿の流域の森林斷崖を切開いて新道路をつくつたのであるが、其の進捗の狀態をかいつまんで話して見ると――。

先づ最初日本人のヘルパー一、二名を連れて測量を終へ標識を殘して置く。次にホーラーが數十尺の幅に木を切倒しながら進んで行くのであるが之を先山と呼んである。先山の後から普通三十か六七馬力位のキャタが行つて倒れた木を取のけ、切株にチェンを卷付けて引拔し道の邪魔にならない場所へ捨てる。一抱へ位な木なれば訳なく引拔いてしまふが夫以上の大きな株はダイナマイトでで爆破してしまふ。此の作業は[illegible]を[illegible]らない。次にブルドウザーと云ふ大型なキャタの前面へ高さ二尺五六寸横幅十二尺位もあるシャブルを取付けたシングルグレーダーを以て地面をならして道の恰好をつくつて行き、人間の手で出しやばつた石や木切れを拾ひ集めて捨てる。それよりバンクをつくり排水の溝を掘つたり木橋をかけたりして道らしいものが出來上るのであるが、何分濕地が多いので水分のため道の表面でさへ固まらない。そんな場所はポンチと云つてシーダーを切つて割つた板を敷ならべて行くのであるが時には數百間にも及ぶ事がある。

斯くて一先づ道は出來上るのであるが砂利をしいてゆかないから大雨が一週間も降り續いたり雪どけの時節には仕事場への行來にも自動車のタイヤがめり込んでスタックする事が屢々ある。隣キャンプへ行くのにキャタの援護が付かないとゆけない事が再三あつた。又大風が吹けば必ず木が倒れるので行きには無事であつても歸りには通れない事もある。安全にかよふには辨慶ではないが、七ッ道具がいる。小さいクロスカットソー、ハンマー、ウエッヂ、アキス、ピービー、手袋、ブーツ、シャブル―是に辨當と雨具を添へれば申し分なしといふものだ。

以上述べた事により我々の作つた道路はまるきり役にたたぬやうに思ふ者があるかも知れぬが、事實は決して然らずであつて、來る工事が如何に困難であるかを示すものだ。初夏の頃から以來、好天氣にめぐまれた湖方面の製材所やポール切業者等は、新道路を利用する事により各々競つて其の事業を擴張して木材の運搬に、食料の供給に、ビズネスの要談にと、快[illegible]下を同胞の汗と努力によつて完成に近づきつゝある道路で車を疾走させてゐるのである。現今は第二次工事に着手してゐるが將來は舗裝された立派なハイウエーとなつてカナダ國家の繁榮のため大いに貢獻することであらうと信ずる。

道路工事は直接には何物をも生産しないが故に近眼的に之を見て自分は日本人だから産業方面へ出て敵國に有利になるやうな仕事をするのは眞平だと言つてゐた人々も、今日自分達の力で完成に近づきつゝある道路が全面的にカナダの産業發展に貢獻しつゝある事實を何と見るであらうか。さぞかし感慨無量である事と思ふ。

◎

話が傍道へ入りかけたので本道へ戻すとして、然らば工事が最初より順調に進捗してゐるかといふに、就働人員の多い割合にはかどつてゐない。其理由は至極簡單明瞭であるが複雜だとも言へる。戰爭勃發と共に日本人を沿岸より追拂ふ手段の一つとして假設營のまゝ着手された工事なるが故に最初から規則極まる勞働條件のもとに働いて居る我々なのだ。即ち勞働者にとつて必須缺くべからざる勞働組合とかウオークメン・コンペンセーションへの加入を許されて居ない事及び賃金の低い事が主なる原因として感情の問題も自然之れに伴つて來るので、特に理解のないホーマンなどに使はれると、わざと働かないのは止むを得ない事だ。かてゝ加へて當局があわてゝ驅り集めて來たエンジニーア、サヴェヤーなどの中に實際無能者が多いため仕事のやりなほしに多くの時日を浪費して了ふのである。當キャンプのサーヴェヤーなどは現在の仕事に就くまでに十一ヶ年も失業してをつたと云ふ人物だけに自分の測量した後を一ヶ月近くも働かせておいて、之は間違つて居たと云つて又新しく測量をして、今までより一層惡い箇所へ道をつけたといふので有名である。又チーフ・エンジニーアだのビッグボスだのと名乘つて年に數回檢分に來る連中が、自分の權威をふりまいて見せるため、わざと工事の變更を命じておいてノホホンと涼しくすまし込んで歸つて行くのである。

◎

私はこゝで無理解なホーマンに就て私自身が經驗した一例をあげて見たいと思ふ。レッドパスに居た時、最初の善いホーマンが變つた後へ、人物が下劣で人情味のない冷血漢のマスターといふ人物がルサンのキャンプの日本人から追出されてやつて來た。彼の笑顔を一度だつて見た者はなかつた。當時私はジャニターをしてゐたが、石油を近所の白人か何かが盗みに行くのでタイムキーパーにキイをかけて貰つた。マスターが來てから三日目のこと、石油を取るべくオフィスへキイを貰ひに行つた所丁度彼が來合せて居ていきなり「お前は石油を毎日どうしてしまふのだ」と詰つたので彼の氣質を知らない私は彼が嚴談を云つたのだと思つて「石油はみんな私が使んで了ふのです」と笑ひながら答へたが彼は眞劍になつて「嘘をつけ、お前は持つて行つた石油は皆ストーブへくべてもやしたり捨てたりして了ふのではないか、ちやんと知つてゐるのだぞ!」と噛付きさうになつて言つたので不意をくらつてアッ氣にとられた私は、何かの間違ひではありませんか、石油はランプに使ふだけで何も他には使はないのですが、と答へた結果大の様な問答となつた。

「此嘘つき野郎が人を馬鹿にしやがつて、手前は毎日何度此所へ來るか、おれは知つて居るのだぞ」

「決してうそはつきませんが二三べんは來ます。ランプの數が多いのと此の入れ物が小さいために何度もかよはなければなりません」

「何を云ふか、此の夏の長い日にランプなんかともす馬鹿があるかい。手前が何と辯解しようとも、おれは信用しないのだ。故意に捨てたりもやしたりして了ふのにきまつて居るのだから」

それから私はランプの數がバンクハウスだけで三十五、ケッチン其他に二十位かある事を説明したところ彼はこの野郎、ホーマンに向つて口答へしやがる、俺はお前等がランプを自由に使ふだけの大きなバリーを持つて居るのだぞ、ノーと言ふとためにならんぞよ」と威猛高になるので私も一時にくわッとなつて怒鳴り返した。

「何を言つてゐるのだい。お前はホーマンだと思へばこそ今まで下手に出て應答して居たのだが、斯うなれば言つて聞かせてやるぞ。僕はこゝへ來てからまだ一度だつて僕らのへやへ來た事もないさ。僕は僕等の様子が判る筈がない。僕等の住んで居る家は表の廊下の窓と天井からの明り取りがあるだけで窓といふものがないのだぞ。曇天が日中でも薄暗くて雨の日なんかランプなしでは手紙一本だつて書けないのだ。今直ぐバンクハウスへ行つて見ようではないか。現場を見れば判る事だ。さあ來い」

すると彼は「俺はバンクハウスなんか死んでも入りたくない」とか「後でどうなるか覺えて居るがいゝ」とか言つて出て行かうとするので私はドアを後手に押さへて更におあびせかけた。

「先にも云つたやうに石油はランプ以外には決して使はないのだ。君等なれば、敵國の石油だから何時でも餘計に使つて了つてやればよいとか、たかゞホーマン一つだから拂つても又買へば夫れでよいと思ふであらうが僕はさう思つた事がないのだ。僕等が今こゝで石油の一ガロンや二ガロンも餘計に使つて見た所で日本のためにもカナダのためにも如何程の利益になる事でなし、其ために石油が切れて了へば却て自分等自身が不自由をしなければならない。又ホーマン一つだつて多數の勞働者の血と汗で出來てゐる事を思へば何で粗末に出來るものか。それにホーマン一つわれは世界の、いや人類の所有物の中から夫れが永久に消失して了つた事になるではないか。僕は消耗品だつて無駄に使つた事がないよ」

それから間もなくマクファイドにあるマスターの家が燒失した爲誰も見舞を云つた者はなかつたし十月の末になつて彼自身も僕からバリーを見せられて仕事を止めさせられたが、彼は遂に其の云ふバリーが何ものであつたかを知る事が出來なかつたのである。

[illegible]際し斯うした人々の[illegible]人々に敬服と感謝の念を捧げる[illegible]たミスター・ウイットニー[illegible]ム監督官[illegible]トリアの職業局の役人[illegible]道路工事の當局者で同時に[illegible]の勞働の能率を増進させる[illegible]クに堪へるため[illegible]して[illegible]來でをつたのであるが、[illegible]のキャンプで起きたトラブルを當た。圓滿な解決をつけたのであつた。其の際は[illegible]もしてから斯う言はれた。

「君達は[illegible]で不自由であらうが、不愉の點や不足な點があれば當事者に訴へて解決するがよい。我々としては出來る丈け不自由はさせたくないのだが、我々や、氣の付かない點が多いと思ふから――。欲しいものは申し出て云つて貰ふやうにしなければ[illegible]の爲だよ」

ビーツ收穫

マニトバ　七十二翁

タッピング時の寒さは身に
秋の雲グラス[illegible]
朝寒や大霜[illegible]手がかじむ
總て家の[illegible]秋の[illegible]
ビーツ切り野ぎく[illegible]
切り[illegible]
東南南北へと秋の雲[illegible]
切り終へ一日[illegible]
秋の戸の夕[illegible]
稲妻や[illegible]見えて[illegible]
秋雨や今日は[illegible]

Evacuees in the East Make Adjustments

By G. ERNEST TRUEMAN

Placement Officer, Toronto, Ontario

GHT from the time that mass vacuation took place on the Coast, I have always been enthusiast for the Govern- t's plan of settling the Jap- e Canadian problem by dis- sal. Most people who have lied the question at all, now ee that the main cause of the nosity shown towards those of Japanese race in British umbia was not hostility to- rd the people themselves, but se from the fact that they re quite too much concentrated one area; over one-third of the al B.C. population was in Van- ver, 80 percent of the total re living either in Vancouver its environs.

Naturally, the presence of so ny people of a different race, en using a different language, ve rise first to fear and then to spicion, which, when war broke t in the Pacific, led to the de- nd for mass evacuation.

As has often been said, if the use of the trouble was concen- ation, then logically, the solu- n of the problem would be dis- rsal.

Thinking Japanese Canadians mit this. I have yet to meet the ocatee in Ontario or Quebec o after, say a year or so in this w environment does not empha- ally state that he now has no sire to return to the Coast. eting so many of these people by day, it is more or less in- nprehensible to me that there still hundreds and hundreds evacuees west of the Rockies o hesitate to join them. It st be that their attention has en directed to the difficulties in situation rather than to the vantages.

do not deny that these diffi- ties have been great. Unfor- nately, too, though the Pacific r has been over since Septem- 2nd, all these difficulties still st—many of the best jobs are sed to Japanese Canadians; ses or farms or business prem- s may not be purchased; lic- es for shops or stores are not ainable; travel permits are l necessary. The miracle is t in spite of these restrictions a very substantial number of those who have come East have made good in a splendid way.

* * *

IN this Christmas article of mine for The New Canadian, there fore, I thought I could not do better than to outline in a more or less general way how some of the nearly 3,000 relocatees now in this area have been able, as Browning says, "to turn the worst to the best."

Naturally, for obvious reasons, no names will be mentioned. Behind each case, however, there is an actual person who could, if required, verify all points. They have been selected merely as samples of the recognition now being accorded to the whole group.

With the suspicion against them as strong as it is, one would think that the last thing Caucasian people down here would do would be to entrust the education, either secular or religious of their children to Nisei. Yet, the only two Nisei who took teachers' training, have been able to secure and to hold teaching positions. At least three girls are teaching in nursery schools, while a half dozen or more boys and girls are acting as leaders of groups of Boy Scouts or Girl Guides. Several more are teaching Sunday School classes. Two girls acted with great acceptance as camp leaders this last summer, while one Nisei boy has been in the employ of a city Y.M.C.A. for approximately two years. One Nisei girl took the place of a Caucasian woman in a responsible church position when the lady was transferred to another city.

It should be emphasized that in these positions just enumerated, the Nisei are not teaching or leading Japanese groups—the groups are composed of Caucasian children. This means that in this area at least some of the relocatees have been able to leap over all boundaries of race and are accepted as persons irrespective of any differences of color or ancestry.

Right from the start, one of the hardest jobs we had was to get any firm or individual to engage Nisei where they would be coming in contact with the general public. Yet, in quite a few cases, this difficulty too, has been overcome. One Nisei girl now for several months has been acting as saleslady in one of the most exclusive dress shops in the country. Another is acting as a practical dental nurse. A Nisei boy has been behind the counter of a big radio goods shop for well over two years. Several others as radio or automobile repair men or delivery men are constantly meeting the public. So far, I have heard of only two instances where the attitude of the person served has caused them embarrassment.

It would seem that while the prejudice against those of Japanese ancestry may manifest itself against the group as a whole, little, if any, hostility is shown against the individual Nisei once he has been able to get the position.

It is, of course, well known that one Nisei girl is chief soprano soloist in one of the big Toronto churches, having secured the position in competition with some of the best singers in the city. In a conversation with her the other day, I learned that she now has over fifty music pupils weekly. A Nisei boy, too, has been singing in a church quartette for many months.

* * *

THE realest evidence of the breaking down of race barriers, though, has been seen in several cases where Nisei have been made foremen or supervisors in jobs where Caucasians are employed. While some of the more narrow-minded of these employees have refused to "take orders from a Jap," the majority do not seem to mind. About six months ago, a middle-aged man came into my office in high dudgeon; one of the Japanese boys had been made his overseer and he was extremely indignant. The company's policy, however, was one of no racial discrimination, so the Nisei was kept on; the protester is now selling magazines for a living. One Nisei was elected president of his company's union, while another became its secretary.

Quite a number of real "success" stories can be told. One Nisei boy a couple of years ago, not over enthusiastically, accepted a position on a nursery farm. His employer took a liking to him and urged him to make the nursery business his life's work. He consented, took a short course at the nearby agricultural college and is now practically running the business. Recently, his employer built him a house to which he has called his family.

Here is another story which might well be entitled "A Young man Makes Good."

About two years ago, a Nisei who before evacuation had had his own radio store in B.C. came east to settle. His first job in a [illegible] store brought him $[illegible] a week. Inside of six months, he took over the [illegible] work of the store at $40.00 a week, plus 5 per cent on all increase of sales over the pre-contract standard. In the meantime, he spent his evenings in the basement of his boarding house working on plans for an electric gramophone motor. The plans matured; a patent was obtained and a company was organized with himself as president. This company now employs over thirty people. Production has increased that they have outgrown their former plant and are moving soon to newer and larger premises. Although this might have happened anywhere, there is little doubt but that the greater business freedom the Nisei meet here is more conducive to such development than the restrictions imposed on them in the coast cities.

* * *

MUCH more similar to the above could easily be written. Enough, though, has surely been said to emphasize the fact that those who have already relocated to the East are having chances denied to those who still inhabit the settlement centres. It is not to be assumed, either, that those here are any brighter or more adaptable than those who for one reason or another have hesitated to follow their example. It is, I think, a mistake to insist on ideal, or even semi-ideal conditions before taking a job. My advice has been and still is: Take any job at all as long as it is respectable and pays a living wage; be industrious and co-operative; commend yourself to your employer, stay with him long enough to avoid the charge of exploitation, using the time to survey the situation and to decide upon the kind of work you wish finally to do. Even if that next step does not present the opportunity desired, it should bring you appreciably nearer to your final goal.

After all, the most important thing is to be in the place of opportunity. It is not at all true that the best jobs are already taken. There are at least 40 or 50 good sized towns or cities in this area alone where there are no Japanese as yet. What if the people do stare at you, it will do you no harm and the strangeness will soon pass. Your neighbors will soon be calling you by your first name, or better still, perhaps by your nickname. One thing to remember is that the average Canadian, under normal conditions is fair-minded and courteous. He is also a good sport and will not stand by and see injustice done. Some evacuees hesitate to take a job in which they have had no previous experience. They should remember that there was a time when they had no experience in any job. Suffice it that at first your employer wants you. With a normal application of intelligence and with a genuine desire to please, there are but few jobs of the kind generally available, the details of which cannot be mastered in a few short weeks or months.

* * *

LIFE in the East for most of the evacuees is gradually becoming normal and pleasant. Since January 1st, for example, in this area alone, there have been 34 marriages and 30 births. Conditions of living and working too, are bound to improve as the war psychology fades into the background and the war restrictions imposed on those of Japanese ancestry are lifted. The pioneering work in Eastern relocation has already been done and the way smoothed for those who come after. What has been done once can be done again. The country is wide and there will surely be a place for all who with faith in themselves and in the future of Canada have the courage and resolution to cross the Rockies and to follow the Government's plan of dispersal.

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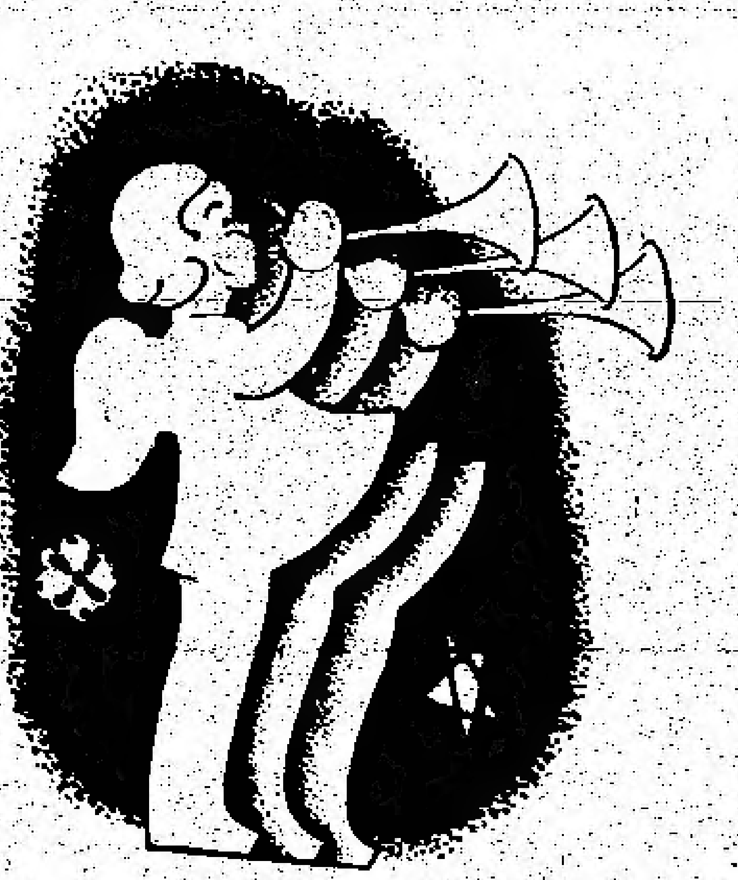

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